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FARM BALLADS.—By Will Carleton.

"WHO SAT WITH HIM LONG AT HIS TABLE, AND EXPLAINED TO HIM WHERE HE STOOD."

UNCLE SAMMY.*

Some men were born for great things,
Some were born for small;
Some—it is not recorded
Why they were born at all;
But Uncle Sammy was certain he had a legitimate call.

Some were born with a talent,
Some with scrip and land;
Some with a spoon of silver,
And some with a different brand;
But Uncle Sammy came holding an argument in each hand.

Arguments sprouted within him,
And twinkled in his little eye;
He lay and calmly debated
When average babies cry,
And seemed to be pondering gravely whether to live or to die.

But prejudiced on that question
He grew from day to day,
And finally he concluded
'Twas better for him to stay;
And so into life's discussion he reasoned and reasoned his way.

Through childhood, through youth, into manhood
Argued and argued he;
And he married a simple maiden,
Though scarcely in love was she;
But he reasoned the matter so clearly she hardly could help but agree.

And though at first she was blooming,
And the new firm started strong,
And though Uncle Sammy loved her,
And tried to help her along,
She faded away in silence, and 'twas evident something was wrong.

Now Uncle Sammy was faithful,
And various remedies tried;
He gave her the doctor's prescriptions,
And plenty of logic beside;
But logic and medicine failed him, and so one day she died.

He laid her away in the church-yard,
So haggard and crushed and wan;
And reared her a costly tombstone
With all of her virtues on;
And ought to have added, "A victim to arguments pro and con."

For many a year Uncle Sammy
Fired away at his logical forte:
Discussion was his occupation,
And altercation his sport;
He argued himself out of churches, he argued himself into court.

But alas for his peace and quiet,
One day, when he went it blind,
And followed his singular fancy,
And slighted his logical mind,
And married a ponderous widow that wasn't of the arguing kind!

Her sentiments all were settled,
Her habits were planted and grown,
Her heart was a starved little creature
That followed a will of her own;
And she raised a high hand with Sammy, and proceeded to play it alone.

Then Sammy he charged down upon her
With all of his strength and his wit,
And many a dextrous encounter,
And many a fair shoulder-hit;
But vain were his blows and his blowing: he never could budge her a bit.

He laid down his premises round her,
He scraped at her with his saws;
He rained great facts upon her,
And read her the marriage laws;
But the harder he tried to convince her, the harder and harder she was.

She brought home all her preachers,
As many as ever she could—
With sentiments terribly settled,
And appetites horribly good—
Who sat with him long at his table, and explained to him where he stood.

And Sammy was not long in learning
To follow the swing of her gown,
And came to be faithful in watching
The phase of her smile and her frown;
And she, with the heel of assertion, soon tramped all his arguments down.

And so, with his life-aspirations
Thus suddenly brought to a check—
And so, with the foot of his victor
Unceasingly pressing his neck—
He wrote on his face, "I'm a victim," and drifted—a logical wreck.

And farmers, whom he had argued
To corners tight and fast,
Would wink at each other and chuckle,
And grin at him as he passed,
As to say, "My ambitious old fellow, your whippletree's straightened at last."

Old Uncle Sammy one morning
Lay down on his comfortless bed,
And Death and he had a discussion,
And Death came out ahead;
And the fact that she failed to start him was only because he was dead.

The neighbors laid out their old neighbor,
With homely but tenderest art;
And some of the oldest ones faltered,
And tearfully stood apart;
For the crusty old man had often unguardedly shown them his heart.

But on his face an expression
Of quizzical study lay,
As if he were sounding the angel
Who traveled with him that day,
And laying the pipes down slyly for an argument on the way.

And one new-fashioned old lady
Felt called upon to suggest
That the angel might take Uncle Sammy,
And give him a good night's rest,
And then introduce him to Solomon, and tell him to do his best.

* From *Farm Ballads*, by Will Carleton, just published by Harper & Brothers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 19, 1873.

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MR. CUSHING ON THE GENEVA ARBITRATION.

Mr. Caleb Cushing has just published a clear and very entertaining account of the Treaty of Washington and of the events of the Geneva Conference, and many readers will no doubt be glad to learn how all the differences between England and America were determined, that now no cause of dispute exists between the people of the closely allied countries, and that the English ruling caste has been forced to yield to the honest impulses of its intelligent constituencies. The Conference, indeed, was an event of singular interest. In June, 1872, it assembled at Geneva, the ancient seat of European republicanism, to decide by arbitration questions that in any other period of civilization must have led to instant war. The United States Government had suffered wrongs that never can be repaired from the intolerant conservatives of England; it had seen the rebellion prolonged and its commerce swept from the seas by the plain enmity of that faction of the English which fears and derides republicanism; it felt that had England preserved an honest neutrality, countless lives might have been saved and much suffering avoided. Its provocation had been great, yet it had abstained from revenge; it had consented to an arbitration, because it believed that the people of England had never shared in the jealous animosity of its rulers, and had never meant to do wrong to freedom; and England at last, under more liberal leaders, and governed, we trust, by some higher impulses than the dictates of selfish fear, hastened to offer arbitration to the United States, and engaged to submit every question in dispute to the decision of the Geneva Conference.

In the ancient Hôtel de Ville at Geneva, amidst the graceful welcomes of the generous Swiss, the Conference commenced its sittings in a spot that had been consecrated to freedom when the site of Washington or the long line of the American coast was a bare and savage wilderness. It was composed of five Commissioners. Each of the two contracting powers appointed one. Mr. Adams represented the United States, not inappropriately, and England had sent Sir Alexander Cockburn; Italy selected Count Sclopis, Switzerland Mr. Staempfli, and Brazil the Viscount Itajuba. Sir Roundell Palmer with Professor Bernard acted as counsel for England; Mr. Cushing and Mr. Evarts for the United States. Of the five arbitrators each might seem to represent with propriety the intelligence of his native land, unless the impetuous Sir Alexander Cockburn be excluded by his countrymen. Count Sclopis, an Italian historian and nobleman, the friend of Cavour and of Italian unity, lent, at the age of seventy-four, the vigor of his undimmed intellect to the cause of peace. Like his companion, the Marquis d' Azeglio, the count had passed his life in the cultivation of letters, and in those liberal political speculations which have led to the revival of Italy. He was chosen to preside over the Conference. At his right hand sat a much younger man, M. Jacques Staempfli, the representative of Switzerland. He was a German Swiss, of the canton of Bern, who had raised himself to eminence by his native ability and attainments. A radical in his opinions, a journalist and advocate, he had twice been chosen President of the Swiss Confederacy. He spoke but seldom in the Conference, yet his clear and suggestive intellect threw light upon every question. And in a little hamlet that overlooks the Lake of Thun from the mountain-side of Beatenberg, commanding a matchless view of the shining waters, the cities, villas, fields, and vales beneath, and the snow-crowned summit of the distant Jungfrau, our Swiss diplomatist had studied at leisure the questions to be submitted to the Conference, and did not enter it unprepared. Not less worthy of notice was the fair-haired, light-complexioned Viscount Itajuba, the representative of the Latin races of America. A professor of jurisprudence, a diplomatist of forty years' experience, Count Itajuba brought to the Conference the graceful manners and acute perceptions that mark the rising civilization of Brazil. Of Mr. Adams it is needless to speak, since there is no one who could more fitly fill the place of an arbitrator between nations or men. And of Sir Alexander Cockburn we need say nothing. The Conference, the place, the scene, was each worthy of the occasion, when two powerful nations were to be reconciled, and the arbitrament of reason preferred to that of the sword.

The questions decided by the arbitrators were chiefly those of the boundaries between the United States and British America, that of the fisheries, and "the *Alabama* case." The two former were easily provided for; the latter formed the subject of animated and instructive discussions. An outbreak of singular excitement had swept over England when it was believed that the question of "indirect" or public claims was to be submitted to the arbitrators, and that its people might be called upon to pay an indefinite amount of damages for the destruction of American commerce and the unnecessary prolongation of the rebellion; but our Administration discreetly withdrew all such demands, upon the implied consent of the English Government that in the event of future European wars no such claims should be enforced against neutral nations. The arbitrators decided that public claims are untenable according to international law, and the English Government is held to have yielded its assent to their decision. The argument upon the private claims was then entered upon. By the three rules laid down in the Treaty of Washington it was established that "due diligence" was to be used by neutral nations in preventing their ports and territories from being employed by belligerents for hostile purposes. Upon this principle the various cases were determined. The *Alabama* case was decided unanimously against England; even Sir Alexander Cockburn submitted to the inevitable proof of the neglect of his Government. The *Florida* case was given on the same side by a vote of four to one, the English umpire alone dissenting; the *Shenandoah* by three to two. The other cases were dismissed. Sir A. Cockburn protested against the award with incautious zeal. Sir Roundell Palmer claimed a new hearing; but the arbitrators refused the request, insisted upon their decision, and assessed the damages against England. And when the award had been finally made, the Swiss thronged the Hôtel de Ville with glad congratulations, cannon were fired, flags waved, and the generous republicans rejoiced that the counsels of humanity had prevailed.

That the reactionary party in England should object to the conclusions of the arbitrators, which so plainly condemn their past policy, was not unlooked for, and Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gathorne Hardy would, perhaps, not be unwilling to rise to power by exciting some new difference between England and the United States, by awakening national jealousies, and stimulating the strife of castes. But the people of England have of late been drawing closer in friendship to their transatlantic brethren. The party that is now rising to power, and which, by the enlargement of the franchise, must soon control the mischievous intrigues of conservatives or liberals, is composed of the men who in our civil war were firmest in the cause of freedom; who lent all their sympathy to the side of Union, and have always seen in the American government an example of progress and of hope. They tolerate the British constitution, but would, no doubt, prefer the American. Mr. Bright's well-known opinions upon privilege and caste represent the inclinations of the majority of English voters. Had Mr. Bright's warnings been heard, the *Alabama* case need never have been discussed, and the whole weight of his country's influence would have been turned against slavery. To the advance of the popular party in England the Geneva arbitration will lend new strength. Could the reactionary faction drive the country into a war with the United States, or a war with Russia, they might retard for a generation the progress of their people. But the people have forced them into a settlement of all disputes with America; they have compelled their ruling caste to submit to a public confession of its guilt; nor will they again suffer their political leaders to draw them away from the straight path of republican progress.

THE GREAT CALAMITY.

The wreck of a splendid ship lies in the surf that beats on the rocky shore of Mars Head, the sepulchre of more than five hundred human beings, whose lives have been sacrificed to incompetence and rapacity. Stanchly built and well appointed with every modern improvement in machinery, for nearly two years the *Atlantic* carried her freight of precious lives in safety across the deep. Her speed, the regularity of her trips, and the comfort and elegance of her accommodations made her a favorite with ocean travelers, and the question of her security was never raised. Those leaving port in this ship felt no more apprehension of danger than when the voyage was passed. The harrowing story of the shipwreck on the terrible coast of Nova Scotia shows how ill-founded was this fatal confidence.

There can be no question that the first responsibility for this awful calamity rests upon the owners of the *Atlantic*, who sent her to sea, in the most dangerous and stormy season of the year, with barely sufficient coal for a quick passage to New York. We give no weight to the statements made by the agents of the line that an extra supply was placed on board, and that it would be more expensive to run into Halifax than to take in a double quantity of coal, even at the high price it now commands in England. The fact that the *Atlantic* was short of coal while still three days from New York, without having lost any considerable time, is conclusive evidence that the supply was insufficient. No amount of asseveration or denial can dispose of this stubborn fact. As to the special plea, the fact that the space which should have been filled with coal could be devoted to freight at a large profit deprives it of all force. Unless stronger proof to the contrary can be produced, the owners of the *Atlantic* must be held primarily responsible for the awful catastrophe which has filled the world with horror. To send out a ship, freighted with nearly a thousand souls, on a long and perilous voyage, in the most dangerous season of the year, with a supply of coal which should be considered insufficient for the emergencies which may attend any season, was a terrible crime against humanity, as it should be a crime against law, punishable in a measure proportioned to its enormity.

The company may also be held responsible for the employment of incompetent officers, and a crew of mutinous ruffians, who were disorderly during the voyage, and who robbed the dead bodies of the men and women washed ashore by the pitiless waves. We have no desire to deal harshly with Captain Williams; his condemnation comes from his own lips. His own story convicts him of incompetency or criminal neglect. He was approaching a dangerous and treacherous coast, with which, it is stated, he was not familiar. At midnight he judged the position of the ship to be only forty-eight miles from Sambro Light, toward which he was driving at the rate of twelve knots an hour, every revolution of the screw bringing the ship nearer to a coast which the most experienced navigators approach with the utmost caution. Yet at the time when he should be most watchful and alert he leaves the ship in the care of an inferior and incompetent officer, and retires to his room. No captain worthy to command a ship would have left his post at such a time; no officer of even ordinary prudence would have run his ship at full speed, on the strength of his reckoning, while approaching a dangerous coast. Intrusted with the safety of a thousand lives, Captain Williams should have used extraordinary precautions, instead of driving on with a reckless disregard of consequences. The charge of incompetency is clearly proved by the fatal error of his reckoning. At the very time when, according to his calculations, his ship should have been eighteen or twenty miles south of Sambro Light, she ran on the rocks of Mars Head, some twenty miles west and nearly that distance north of her supposed position. Captain Williams "can not account for the mistake in his calculations;" no one else, we believe, will find any difficulty in doing so.

We wish it were possible to speak in praise of Captain Williams's conduct in the awful crisis of the wreck; but here again his own words condemn him. By his own statement, he left in one of the boats which came from the shore while a number of the passengers were still clinging to the wreck, and while the first officer, in the mizzen rigging, was holding a dying woman in his arms. It was once held to be a dishonor and worse than death for the captain of a wrecked vessel to take a position in a boat to the exclusion of his subordinates and passengers. In the first moments after the *Atlantic* struck, Captain Williams made brave exertions to keep order and save life; but the fact that he saved his own, and left others to perish or be rescued by other hands, is a dishonor for which nothing can atone. It is not surprising that he feels most keenly his position. Through his incompetency and negligence over five hundred souls were hurried without warning into eternity, and of all the women and children on board but one saved! There is no more terrible story in all the annals of shipwreck.

It is a relief to turn to the self-sacrificing conduct of the first mate, who refused to leave the poor woman whom he supported in the rigging until she died; to the heroism of the hardy fishermen who braved the dangers of the terrible breakers to save human life; and to the courage of the clergyman, Mr. Ancient, who put off in a small boat to the rescue of the first mate. Nor should the name of Quartermaster Thomas be forgotten, who warned the officer in charge against the reckless course which drove the ship to destruction. Had that warning been heeded, this great calamity might have been averted.

The legal investigation into the responsibility of the owners and the captain of the *Atlantic* must be searching and thorough. Public opinion, justice, and humanity cry out for this. There must be an end of the criminal negligence which sends ships to sea insufficiently supplied and under the command of incompetent officers. If existing laws afford no means for enforcing these just demands, and for punishing those whose greed and recklessness count their victims by the hundred, the most stringent legislation should be invoked to supply an adequate remedy.

TAXATION.

No subject is more interesting to every member of the community, from the working-man to the capitalist, than that of taxation, nor any less agreeable. There is, indeed, something alarming and almost disheartening in the rapid increase of the burdens of the people in almost every modern nation, state, or city. Every European country, with the exception of economical Prussia, is pressed down by an enormous debt, the result of the folly or extravagance of its rulers, of useless and destructive wars, of lavish expenditures on fleets and armies, on camp or court, that must be paid from the earnings of the industrious or the savings of the frugal. Of these debts most nations seem to have abandoned altogether all hope of extinguishing the principal, and are satisfied if by a rigorous and searching taxation they are enabled to preserve themselves from bankruptcy. More fortunate than countries less favored in government or natural advantages, we are gradually paying off our national debt, and may hope within a generation to be freed in great part from its oppressive burdens. But while the general government is thus singularly prosperous, many of our States, cities, and counties are weighed down by liabilities from which they have no present prospect of being relieved. The result is a heavy taxation, and one of the most important questions to be determined by our legislators in the future will be how to make this burden rest as lightly as possible upon the people.

The Commissioners appointed under the legislative act of 1870 to investigate this important subject have brought to light many curious traits of the irregular and imperfect method of our taxation. Their inquiries were chiefly confined to the condition of taxation in the State and city of New York; but their deductions are equally interesting to every part of the Union. A singular discrepancy in the valuation of real estate is noticed in various counties. In Kings County it is valued at sixty-seven per cent. of its real worth, in New York at sixty per cent., in other counties at fifty, and sometimes as low as fifteen. Personal property escapes taxation to a remarkable degree. Equal, no doubt, to the real in amount, only one-fifth part of it is reported to the collectors. In the interior of the State less than one-tenth part of the personal property is subjected to taxation. Still more remarkable is the difference between the valuation of both kinds of property given by the State officials and that returned in the national census. Albany County, for example, is valued by the State collector at $47,000,000, in the national census at $152,000,000; Dutchess County is assessed by the State at $21,000,000, by the government officials at $90,000,000; Kings County in one list at $94,000,000, in the other at the extraordinary increase of $700,000,000; New York city is estimated by the State at $928,000,000, by the national census at $3,484,000,000. And it may be justly inferred from these singular discrepancies and evident omissions that our method of valuation in New York must be altogether erroneous and imperfect.

Under the existing system it is plain

that personal property, except in the most unjust form of a tax on mortgages, is scarcely taxed at all; that the immense sums held by our savings-banks, amounting to over $300,000,000, are altogether exempted from taxation; that all church and school property, all charitable and benevolent institutions, are free; that the larger proportion of the goods of merchants or of commission dealers escapes notice, or is exempted—all bills, debts, and notes of hand; nor is it desirable, possibly, that these should be taxed directly. But it is certain that some clear and honest principle of valuation should be laid down for the whole State, and that the method of taxation should be so arranged as to be without inequality and without injustice. To effect this the Commissioners propose that all real property, in every county, should be rated at its full value; that no attempt should be made to tax personal property directly, but that a tax should be imposed on the franchises of all moneyed corporations; and finally, a new and peculiar impost is suggested, called the "building-occupancy tax," which seems intended to reach the personal property of each individual tenant, whether it consist in money or professional skill. It is proposed to add to the valuation of each piece of real estate which is built upon and let three times the value of one year's rent, and collect upon this sum a tax either from the landlord or the tenant. This last provision is not sufficiently simple, and has the defect of an income tax, that it diminishes the earnings of intellect equally with capital.

Probably the simplest and most exact method of taxing real property would be to impose a fixed rate at the end of each year in proportion to the rent. The rent is the true test of the value of houses and lands. All other valuation is speculative and untrustworthy. To tax the rent, or the probable rent where the owner occupies his own house, would seem to give a market value the nearest we can attain. Under the present system buildings rented for $1000 a year, in the lower wards of New York, are called upon to pay $350 taxes annually, while houses that, in the upper, rent for $3000 pay no more. That is, the taxation of the lower wards is three times that of the upper: a singular injustice. No doubt, however, the true remedy for taxation is extreme economy. We have wasted our resources, and been plundered and despoiled. We may well imitate the Prussian system of expenditure, retrench in every department, and be liberal only where necessity impels.

LAW-MAKERS AND PEOPLE.

THERE is something almost startling in the announcement recently made in the Senate by Mr. SHERMAN, that the last Congress did nothing, beyond the passage of the routine appropriation bills, to promote the great interests of the country. This statement was made during the special session of the Senate, after both Houses had passed the bill nearly doubling the salaries of members. Its force was not in its novelty, for it stated what was notoriously true, but from its origin—proceeding as it did from the lips of one of the most prominent of our national legislators.

Whence, it is being anxiously asked by the people—whence this delinquency of our law-makers? Why was not the Louisiana business settled by Congress before its final adjournment? Put Massachusetts, or any one of a dozen States that we might name, in the place of Louisiana, and this Congressional apathy would have resulted in an outburst of popular indignation. Scarcely had Congress dissolved before the signs of revolt appeared in Louisiana, and the bud of rebellion was prevented from blossoming only by the presence of the United States army. But the quiet assured by brute force is a poor substitute for that which was justly expected from a legislative ordinance. Again, there was a special message from the President, urging Congressional action to support the national authorities in Utah. No such action was secured. The most important of the measures recommended by the President in his annual message—those relating to the popular grievances connected with transportation and telegraphic communication—came before Congress in no practical shape. It was with the utmost difficulty that the requisite legislation was secured to carry into effect the Washington Treaty. As it was, the Geneva Award bills got hopelessly confused, and had to be laid over. There can be no subject of greater national importance than that of popular education. But important bills relating to this subject have dragged through two Congressional sessions resultlessly. The debate, resulting in the defeat of a petty appropriation of a few thousand dollars to enlarge the scope and usefulness of the Educational Bureau, actually cost the people more than the amount of the appropriation solicited.

If we will take the trouble to look over the record of the last session we shall find our search for important measures like looking for a few needles in a hay-stack—the hay-stack representing innumerable bills for the relief of private individuals, for the removal of political disabilities from others, and for the granting of pensions to still others. We will venture the assertion that the amount of money involved in all the private relief bills put together does not equal the cost to the country of their passage. Is there no other and more economical method by which private claims can be adjusted, without the direct action of Congress? Must the hopper of this costly mill, which we have set in motion to grind the nation's wheat, be open to these innumerable private individuals and to an army of lobbyists to throw in their cobble-stones? Then, how many of our Congressmen are there who hold their seats, as they secured them, for no other purpose than the protection of special interests, which are in no sense national?

Mr. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT, a member of the last House of Representatives, does not present a more flattering view of the last Congress than that presented by Senator SHERMAN. He states that of the eight hundred bills passed during the last Congressional term, one-half were rushed through without a pretense of consideration, only an insignificant number of legislators understanding what they were about.

In connection with the above considerations are suggested some of the reasons why the great interests of the country are neglected by our law-makers—until, in the terms of Senator SHERMAN's statement, their action in relation to these interests is narrowed down to the passage of appropriation bills involving the annual expenditure of about two hundred millions of dollars to keep the machine in motion.

It is true that the measures which are esteemed the most important, and which are now being most urgently pressed by the people upon Congress and our State Legislatures, ought to be secured by voluntary associations, perfectly organized, while to the government should remain simply its primary function—the administration of justice in its simplest form. Voluntary association, perfectly organized, *might* attend to the interests of education, *might* establish a control over railway and telegraphic communications, *might* perfect the most comprehensive system of internal improvements, *might* adjust the relations between labor and capital, *might* secure the most perfect sanitary conditions in our overcrowded cities. But voluntary association *does not* do these things. The conditions for its perfect organization are wanting. In the place of such a social organization, based on general principles, we have discordant associations and combinations—those representing monopolies and the concentration of monetary power, on the one hand, and, on the other, trades-unions and farmers' conventions representing depressed labor and industry. Thus society, through its own failure, finds itself with no other association than that constituting government to represent its solidarity through acts intended for the good of the whole. And, necessarily, the *personnel* of the government represents accurately the general failure of society; for the stream can not rise higher than its source. Our legislators neglect social interests because society also neglects these interests. This social apathy is nowhere more clearly manifested than in the primary elections, where the popular initiation of government begins and ends. And the popular responsibility for the failure of government is the more evident when we consider that those classes who complain most bitterly of this failure have, through their immense numerical majority, the remedy in their own hands. The government fails to promote the popular interests—but it is because the people do not elect their so-called representatives with even the most distant reference to these interests.

The governmental machine is doing exactly what, from a careful study of its origin and constitution, it might be expected to do. Bewildered by political demagogism, the people succumb to it, and then complain of the legitimate results of their folly. Office is accorded by the people, just as it is solicited, as a *privilege* and not as a *responsibility*. And yet we complain of irresponsibility.

Suddenly, in regard to certain matters, especially those connected with the relation between railway monopolies and general industry, the popular apathy has been shaken off; and this awakening has had an important effect upon the members of State Legislatures, securing beneficent results. The people are watching their law-makers, and the latter are not indifferent to their future prospects. The recent record of the State Legislatures of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and Illinois is strikingly significant. Even the Indiana Legislature has been aroused, and has passed a new law regulating divorces.

But a permanent reform in our national and State legislation can not be looked for until the people, with their own interests distinctly in view, elect their representatives with immediate reference to these interests, and choose such men as will accept office not as a personal privilege, but as a sacred responsibility.

PERSONAL.

COLONEL T. B. THORPE, one of the most frequent and valuable contributors to *Harper's Magazine*, and for many years connected with the Custom-house in this city, has within a few days past been appointed to the responsible position of United States Weigher. The place was opened to competitive examination under the new civil service rules, and was creditably and fairly won by Colonel THORPE. Certainly it could not have been bestowed upon a gentleman of higher integrity or ability, or have found a recipient more universally admired and esteemed for his genial manners by all sorts and conditions of men.

—If the old legend be true, that "politics makes strange bedfellows," how much more so does war! Eight years ago General GORDON led a column of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia in the memorable assault on Fort Steadman, a salient point in the Federal line which then half encircled Petersburg; to-day he is a United States Senator from Georgia. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS was, eight years ago, Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy; now he is a member of the United States House of Representatives, in which there are seven ex-generals of the Confederate army to keep him company.

—The Rev. Dr. GARDINER SPRING, of this city, is now in his eighty-ninth year, and has been pastor of the Brick Church over sixty-one years, though for some time past has been relieved of active duty. Speaking of clergymen, when Dr. CAIRD was minister of Errol, Scotland, his health was not very good, and he was consequently unequal to the exertion of committing and delivering his discourses, and the congregation was not very large. Speaking to the church officer one day, he said he would like to have a partition put up in the middle of the church, as the congregation did not half fill the church. "Weel, Sir, if ye were stayin' wi' us, that wad do weel aneuch; but then, if ye were gaun awa', we might get a *popular man* to fill the kirk."

—The leading feature of the grand Masonic fair at Apollo Hall, now rapidly nearing a close, after a most successful run, is the friendly contest for the possession of two swords, both of which are to be presented to the member of the order receiving the greatest number of votes. One of the swords is a Templar's—a splendid piece of steel—given by New York Lodge; the other is equally fine, and has a scabbard adorned with diamonds and rubies. Among the leading competitors is Mr. E. E. THORNE, D.G.M. of Masons in this State. There is no end to the attractions of the fair, and as there are but two or three days remaining, those who would see them must make haste to go. The object is to raise funds for the completion of the Temple, corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, from the revenues of which an Asylum is to be provided in the interior of the State for aged indigent Masons, their widows and orphans.

—The Rev. JAMES H. CHRISTIAN, who died recently in Richmond, Virginia, at the age of eighty years, was for many years a judge in that State, and resigned his seat on the bench to enter the ministry of the Baptist Church.

—The Albany *Evening Journal* comes out in new apparel on the forty-fourth anniversary of its birthday, and felicitates itself upon being more prosperous than ever. It has from the outset been a power in the State and nation. During Mr. WEED's management it held kingly sway over the politics and legislation of the State, and the ascendency of the Republican party during most of that time may be credited to the clear head, firm hand, and warm heart of that remarkable man. His ablest lieutenant, GEORGE DAWSON, has been in the establishment for two-and-forty years, and latterly has been its controlling spirit. He is an able man and a good man, and enjoys in an enviable degree the esteem of the able men and good men of the State, irrespective of party.

—The House of Representatives, just before adjournment, paid a deserved compliment to JOHN J. M'ELHONE by appointing him official reporter of that body. For twenty-four years he has been a reporter in Congress, during which time he has reported WEBSTER, CLAY, BENTON, CALHOUN, DOUGLAS, SEWARD, and all the great men who have flourished in the Senate and House during the last five-and-twenty years.

—LEONARD UNCAS, a grandson of the celebrated Indian chief, and the last of his name, died a few days since in Willimantic, Connecticut, aged seventy. He had resided there most of his life, was a notable hunter and fisher, and a hard-working man.

—The Rev. THOMAS JACKSON, who died a short time since near London, was the oldest Wesleyan minister in Great Britain, and was called the father of modern Methodism.

—Count De Segur, who died a short time since in France at the age of ninety-three, joined the French army as a private in a hussar regiment in 1799. He became Marshal MACDONALD's aid-de-camp at the battle of Hohenlinden ("when the sun was low"); was one of NAPOLEON's aids during the campaign in Poland. In 1808 was sent to Spain; captured in sight of NAPOLEON fifteen cannon during the battle of Somoserra. He received eight wounds, and was on the battle-field promoted colonel. He was selected to bring to Paris the sixty-four flags taken from the enemy. When thirty-two years old he was made brigadier-general, and took part in the Russian campaign of 1812. He commanded the Fourth regiment of Gardes d'Honneur in 1813. The Restoration placed him on the retired list. In his enforced idleness he wrote the history of NAPOLEON and the Grand Army during 1812, which will give him immortality, and open the doors of the French Academy.

—It is a noteworthy coincidence that the memorial exercises in honor of Mr. SEWARD are to take place in the North Reformed Church. The Hon. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS will, therefore, pronounce his oration on Mr. SEWARD on the same spot where, twenty-five years ago, Mr. SEWARD pronounced his celebrated eulogy on JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

—President THIERS has issued a decree appointing M. EDOUARD LABOULAYE, professor at the College of France, to be director of that institution for a period of three years.

—Mr. Speaker BLAINE, one of the brightest men who have occupied that position, had before him a brilliant example in refusing the extra pay granted by the last Congress. Lord OSSINGTON, on retiring from the Speakership of the House of Commons, declined the splendid pension of twenty thousand dollars a year voted to him, with the thanks of the House, and wrote to Mr. GLADSTONE as follows: "Though without any pretensions to wealth, I have a private fortune that will suffice, and for the few years that remain to me I shall be happier in feeling that I am not a burden to my fellow-countrymen." Lord. O was a tall, well-made man, of commanding presence and dignified bearing, with a countenance the expression of which was a compound of sternness and wisdom. He was actually celebrated—as much so as Lord GRANVILLE in the House of Lords—for his refined taste and courteous bearing; and though he was not his predecessor's equal in point of political rank or parliamentary law learning, he nevertheless brought to the chair great natural talents and cultivation of mind, in which he was not surpassed by any. He was the originator of the committee of learned university men who undertook the new Commentary of the Bible, and at the monthly meetings and dinners of the learned commentators invariably took occasion to dwell upon the deep interest the Queen took in the "Commentary," and the value she attached to the co-operation and kindly sympathy in the undertaking evinced by those who surrounded him.

—Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT, the eminent author and publisher, recently deceased, had his epitaph written by DOUGLAS JERROLD. It was brief, facetious, and complimentary: "Good Knight."

—The Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT, it seems, has no intention of resigning his position as United States minister to Germany. Letters recently received from him give no intimation of his return, and the report of his proposed resignation was doubtless inspired by some aspiring soul who would like to see his own name gazetted for the place.

—The veteran historian LEOPOLD RANKE, of Berlin, announces as nearly ready for publication a selection of the correspondence between BUNSEN and the late King of Prussia, FREDERICK WILLIAM IV., from their earliest acquaintance in Rome to near the end of the life of the King. Another work by the same author, *The Genesis of the Prussian State*, is advertised as in the press.

—BARNARD DAVIS is the investigating Englishman who for some years has lavished his time in weighing the brains of different races. He finds that the English brain averages 47.50 ounces, the French 42.58, the German 42.83. He has never got at an American.

—A gentleman of this city has purchased of the estate of B. M. C. DURFEE, of Fall River, Massachusetts, for $30,000, KAULBACH's great cartoon, "The Reformation," which the late owners bought in Europe for $25,000. For some time it has been rolled up in an old warehouse in Fall River.

—When Governor DIX was in the United States Senate Vice-President DALLAS decided that, an extra session of that body having been called, the members were entitled to extra mileage, the same as if they had traveled home and back. But thirty-six Senators—BENTON, M'PHERSON, DIX, and others—agreed not to take it, General DIX being one of the first to suggest it. Four years later, in 1849, when at the end of the term he came to settle his accounts with the Sergeant-at-Arms, that officer asked him if he did not wish to draw his mileage for the extra session of 1845. He answered that he had entered into an agreement not to do it. He was told that BENTON and *all* the others had drawn theirs. "Well," said Senator DIX, "I will take it—into consideration!" And it remains in the Treasury to this day.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Rhode Island election on the 2d inst. resulted in a Republican victory by an increased majority over the previous one. Henry Howard was chosen Governor.

The body of a brother of Senator York, of Kansas, has been found, shot, near Osage Mission. This is the seventh body found in that locality under similar circumstances during the past six months.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has declared that neither the expiration of a policy nor its cancellation releases the holder in a mutual company from liability to assessments for all losses which occurred during his membership.

The recent hurricane which swept over Mississippi killed two persons and damaged twenty houses in Canton, and killed one man and destroyed twelve houses in Jackson.

The General Railroad bill passed the New Jersey Legislature on the 1st inst., and was signed by the Governor.

Michael Nixon, the bill-poster who murdered Charles H. Pfeifer in Chatham Street on the 31st of January last, has been convicted, and sentenced to be hanged on the 16th of May.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SPAIN is not over her troubles yet. The Carlists, it is reported, have captured the town of Berga, which they saturated with petroleum and then burned. The inhabitants of Barcelona, greatly excited over this event, threaten reprisals against the clergy and other Carlist sympathizers. Catalonia is to be declared in a state of siege. The people of Madrid are hostile to the municipality, and the hall is guarded by the military. The Commune has been declared in Salamanca, and riots have followed. Señor Castelar threatens to resign unless the Spanish ministry adopt a more decisive and energetic policy.

Additional reinforcements for the Spanish army in Cuba sailed from Cadiz on the 31st ult.

The recently crowned King of the Sandwich Islands has just completed a tour of his kingdom, and promises soon to visit the United States.

M. Grévy, who resigned as President of the French Assembly on the 1st inst., because of a fancied slight, was re-elected the following day by a handsome majority. He declined to serve, however, and M. Louis Joseph Buffet was elected in his place.

The great temple of Munzeki, in Jeddo, is to be rebuilt by a foreign architect, and "according to European ideas."

SKETCHES FOR FABLES.

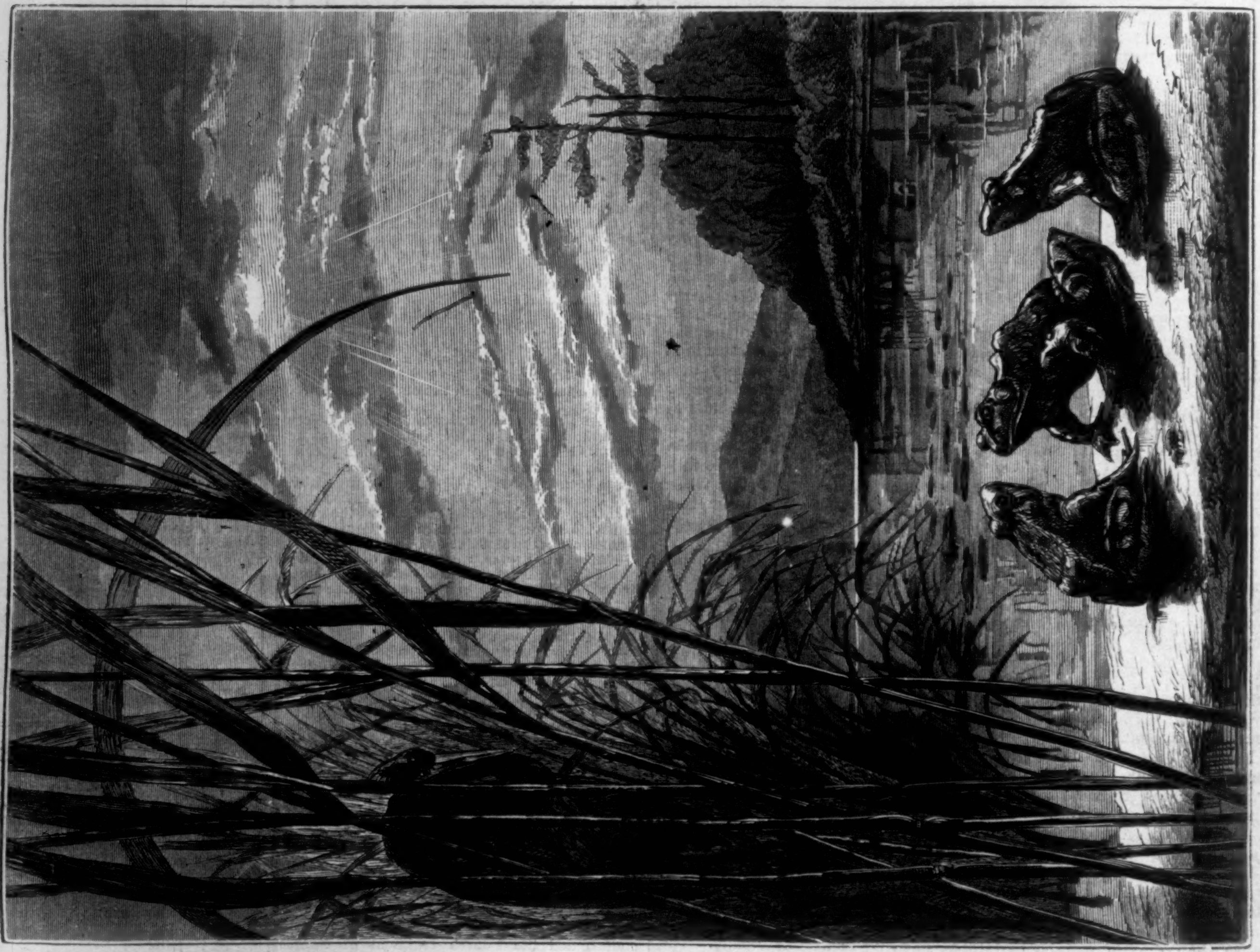
Our illustrations on this page, drawn by the facile and graceful pencil of an artist whose pictorial contributions have often delighted the readers of the *Weekly*, exhibit the sunshine and shadow of life which fall to the lot of every thing that breathes. The trio of tuneful frogs, whose melodious voices are again beginning to make the ponds and marshes vocal as the sun goes down, have apparently left their watery quarters to take one of those sun-baths which wise physicians recommend as remarkably conducive to health, and there sit on the bank, enjoying the light and warmth in blissful ignorance of the hungry bittern, half hidden among the reeds, just ready to snap them up for breakfast with the relish of a French epicure. It evidently thinks frogs were made to be eaten, especially by bitterns. The frogs, probably, entertain a different opinion, and will not hesitate to defraud the creature of its breakfast by a hasty plunge into the water should an unwary movement betray its presence before it is ready to strike.

The picture called "The Uninvited Guest" represents a vagrant toad which, in its wanderings, has jumped into the nest of a pair of birds that have constructed their neat homestead on the ground, where, in spite of its exposed position, they hoped to rear their little family in peace. Their agitation, as they flutter and twitter about their endangered nest, and peck sharply at the stolid intruder, is well expressed by the artist, as well as the self-satisfied air of the uninvited guest, who makes himself very much at home, and does not seem to care whether the eggs are broken or not. He evidently means to stay, as unwelcome guests generally do, until he is ready to go, regardless of the feelings of the family upon whose household arrangements he has so unceremoniously intruded.

Do any of our young readers, for whom these pictures are especially intended, remember any fable of old Æsop which they would illustrate? If not, they could not spend an evening more pleasantly than in turning over the pages of that delightful and instructive volume in search of them. Even if the search is not rewarded with success, the hour passed in reading the old fables will not have been wasted; and if Æsop has omitted the right one from his collection, perhaps some bright boy or girl can supply the deficiency from the suggestions given in the pictures. That will afford entertainment for another evening.

SKETCHES FOR FABLES.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.



SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW.

THE COFFIN-SHIPS.

POLLY. "Oh, dear Jack! I can't help crying, but I'm so happy to think you're not going in one of those *dreadful ships!*"

THE WRECK OF THE "ATLANTIC."

ON Tuesday, the 20th of March, the steamship *Atlantic*, of the White Star line, under command of Captain WILLIAMS, left Liverpool for New York, having on board 33 cabin passengers, 776 steerage passengers, and a crew (officers included) of 143 men—total, 952 souls. The captain reports that they had favorable weather until the 24th, when heavy southwest and westerly gales were encountered, which lasted for several days. The speed of the ship was thus retarded, and on the 31st there were but 127 tons of coal aboard. The *Atlantic* was then distant from Sandy Hook 460 miles, and making only eight knots per hour. Under these circumstances Captain WILLIAMS deemed it best to bear up for Halifax.

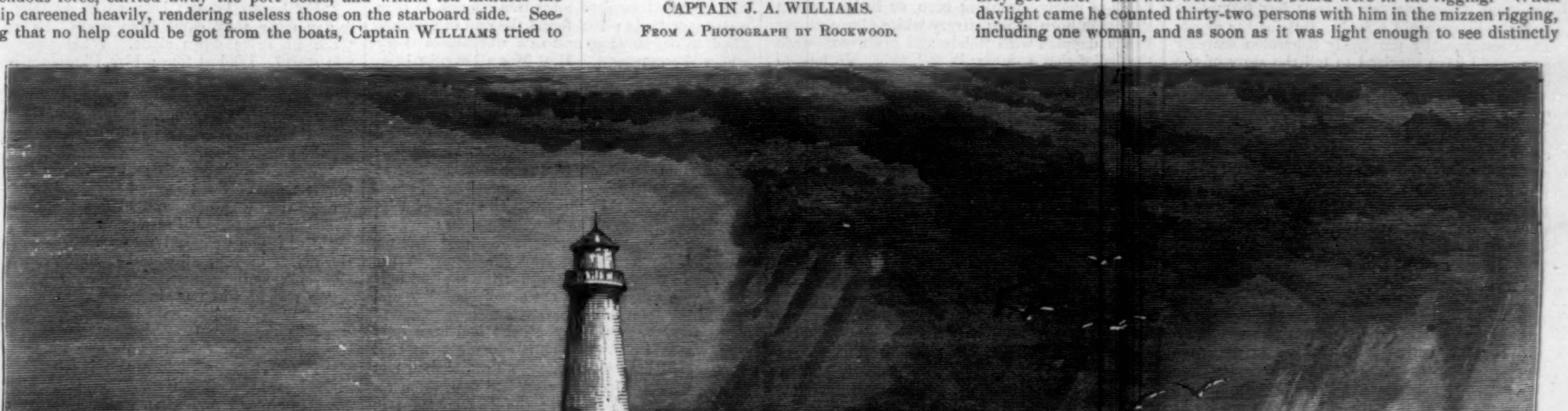
At midnight of that day he judged the ship to be about forty-eight miles from Sambro Light, near the entrance to Halifax Harbor, and leaving the deck, he went to the chart-room, giving orders that he should be informed if any thing was observed by the look-out. The chief officer also went to his berth, his watch ending at twelve o'clock, leaving the ship in charge of the second and fourth officers.

At about half past three the ship struck on the rocks off Mars Head, the extreme point of Prospect Cape—a rocky peninsular projection about seventy feet high, which forms the western limit of Pennant Bay, as shown in the chart on page 318. The captain and his officers appear to have exerted themselves bravely to save the passengers. But it was too late. The ship was fast on the rocks, and the sea, breaking over her with tremendous force, carried away the port boats, and within ten minutes the ship careened heavily, rendering useless those on the starboard side. Seeing that no help could be got from the boats, Captain WILLIAMS tried to induce such of the passengers as had been able to reach the deck to climb into the rigging and outside the rails, and encouraged them to go forward, where the ship was highest and less exposed to the water. The third officer, Mr. BRADY, and Quartermasters OWENS and SPEAKMAN, by this time having established communication with the outlying rock, about forty yards distant, by means of a line got four other lines to the rock, along which about 200 people passed. Between the rock and the shore was a passage 100 yards wide. A rope was successfully passed across this, by which means a large number reached the land in safety, though many others were drowned in the attempt to cross.

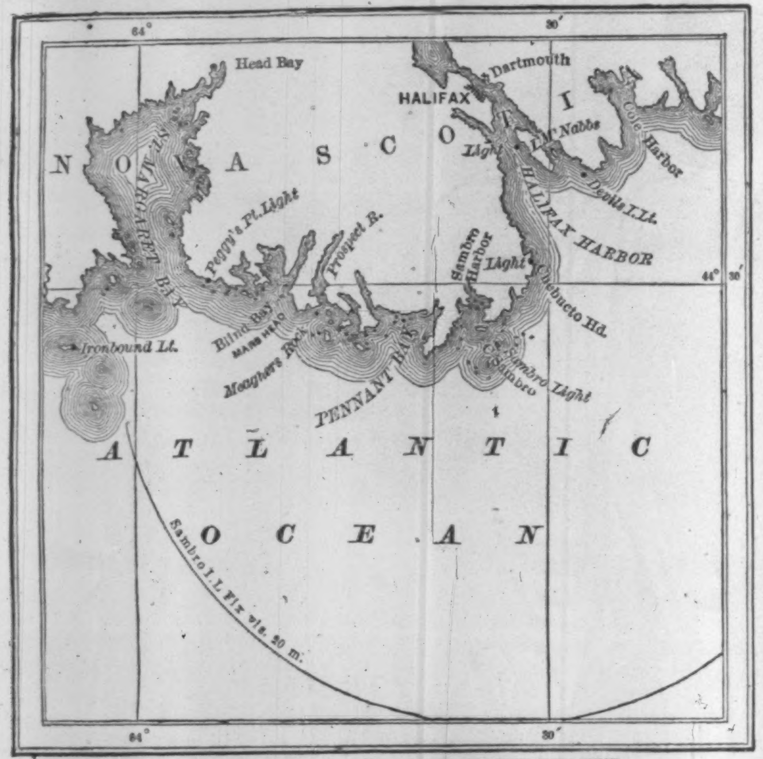
CAPTAIN J. A. WILLIAMS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD.

About five o'clock a boat appeared from the shore, but she was too small to be of any material assistance. An hour later larger boats approached the wreck, and by their efforts all that remained on the side of the ship and on the rock were landed in safety and cared for by a fisherman and his family. Large numbers of people got into the rigging, and many of them died there from cold and fright. The captain says he remained on the ship helping and directing until he found his hands and legs becoming useless, when he entered one of the boats and went ashore, leaving a large number of passengers still clinging to the rigging and portions of the wreck.

The chief officer, Mr. FIRTH, had a terrible experience. He was trying to clear the two starboard boats when a heavy sea swept them away. He was holding fast to the mizzen rigging, and climbed higher for safety. The night was so dark and the spray blew so thickly that he could not see well what was going on. He saw men on the rocks, but did not know how they got there. All who were alive on board were in the rigging. When daylight came he counted thirty-two persons with him in the mizzen rigging, including one woman, and as soon as it was light enough to see distinctly



SAMBRO LIGHT.



HALIFAX HARBOR AND THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER.

most of them tried to reach the shore by means of the lines, and in so doing were washed overboard and drowned. At last none remained but himself, the woman, and a boy. The sea had become so rough that the boats could not venture near them. At length a heavy wave washed the boy off, but he swam gallantly, and reached one of the boats in safety. Mr. Firth secured the woman firmly in the rigging, but, after bearing up with great endurance until noon, she died, and he was left alone in his perilous position. He was finally rescued by the courage and devotion of the Rev. Mr. Ancient, a Church of England clergyman, who gallantly came from the shore in a boat, with a crew of four men, to rescue him. Mr. Firth states that when he was taken off, the body of the woman was left in the rigging. It presented a ghastly and sickening sight—half naked, with eyes starting from their sockets, her mouth foaming, and with her hands sparkling with jewels.

Many harrowing incidents occurred during the dreary hours of darkness. At one time the fore-boom broke loose from its fastenings, and, swinging round, crushed to death about twenty persons who were clinging to the house on deck. A large number of passengers who had life-buoys endeavored to reach the rock by means of the line from the vessel, but not adjusting them securely under the arms, floated with their heads down, and in this way many were drowned. Others, unable to reach the deck in consequence of the jam in the gangway, rushed through the port-holes, only to be seized in the iron grasp of the merciless waves and dashed to death against the sides of the ship.

Those who reached the shore in safety were most kindly treated by the good people of the place, and supplied with shelter, food, and clothing, and every comfort a poor but hospitable fishing village could afford. But for the assistance rendered by the hardy fishermen scarcely any would have survived to tell the story of the disaster. The total number of the lost was 562.

From a statement made by Quartermaster Thomas, corroborated by that of Quartermaster Raylance, the ship was run in a criminally reckless manner, although the night was dark, and the vicinity of a dangerous coast was well known to all the officers. He says: "At two o'clock I went upon the bridge with the second officer, Mr. Mitcalf. I told him not to stand in to the land so, as the ship had run her distance to make the Sambro Light from my calculations. He told me that I was neither captain nor mate. I then went to the fourth officer, Mr. Brown, and asked him if I should go on the mainyard, as he could not see the land until he struck on it. He told me that it was no use for me to go up." Quartermaster Raylance says he hove the log at about twenty minutes past three, and the ship was at that time going at the rate of twelve knots per hour. It also appears that the life-boats were not in order. After one of them had been filled with passengers it was found the plugs were not in, and it was impossible to remedy the criminal oversight.

As soon as the news of this terrible disaster reached Halifax steamers were dispatched to the scene of the wreck, and returned in the course of the day with most of the survivors. A few others remained at Prospect, or had walked inland. When the steamers neared the scene of the disaster the exact locality of the submerged vessel was indicated by a number of fishing schooners and small boats which had gone thither to render what assistance they could. Shoals ran out for some distance from the shore, making it dangerous of approach, and the steamers were compelled to come to anchor away from the wreck, and take the survivors on board by means of a life-boat. On reaching Halifax they were landed in a most pitiable plight, ragged, care-worn, and sick from exposure. Some old and sickly persons of their number had died after having been picked up. Food and other necessities were provided for the victims, and the authorities and citizens of the town did every thing in their power to make them comfortable.

The *Atlantic*, of which we give an accurate picture on page 320, was a four-masted iron steam-ship, 420 feet in length, with 40 feet breadth of beam. Her length was thus nearly eleven times her breadth, which was undoubtedly a source of weakness and danger. She was fitted with six water-tight bulkheads, with every facility for extinguishing fire, and with an ingenious steam steering gear, by which the ship was handled with extreme ease and facility. Her engines were registered at 3000 horse-power. The saloons and state-rooms of the *Atlantic* were elegantly fitted up. She made her first voyage to this port in June, 1871, making the trip in a little more than ten days.

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book the Second.

CHAPTER I.

"Two souls, alas, dwell in my breast: the one struggles to separate itself from the other. The one clings with obstinate fondness to the world, with organs like cramps of steel; the other lifts itself majestically from the mist to the realms of an exalted ancestry."

A sunny afternoon in the second week of May, one of those brilliant spring days which cheat the dweller in cities, who has no indications of the year's progress around and about him—no fields of newly sprouting corn, or hedges where the blackthorn shows silvery white above mossy banks dappled with violets and primroses—into the belief that summer is at hand. He has no succession of field birds to serve for his time-keepers, but he hears canaries and piping bullfinches caroling in balconies, perhaps sees a flower-girl at a street corner, and begins to think he is in the month of roses.

It seemed the month of roses in one small drawing-room in Eaton Square South—a back drawing-room, and of the tiniest, with a dark green fernery artfully contrived to shed a dim religious light upon the chamber, and at the same time mask the view of an adjacent mews—the daintiest possible thing in the way of back drawing-rooms, with chairs and dwarf couches of the *pouf* species, covered with cream-colored cretonne and befrilled muslin; a coffee-table or two in convenient corners; the clock on the maroon-velvet-covered mantel-piece, a chubby Cupid in turquois Sèvres beating a drum; the candelabra, two other chubby blue bantlings struggling under their burden of wax-candles; velvet curtains half screening the fire in the low steel grate: and ensconced in the most luxurious of the *poufs*, with her feet on the tapestried fender-stool (a joint labor of the four Luttrell girls), and a large green fan between her face and the glow, sat Elizabeth Luttrell. She was not alone. Aunt Chevenix was writing letters at her davenport in the front drawing-room; the swift flight of her quill pen might be heard ever and anon in the rearward chamber; and Reginald Paulyn was sitting *à cheval* upon a smaller *pouf*, rocking himself softly to and fro, to the endangerment of the casters, as he discoursed.

"Come now, Miss Luttrell, I want you to like Mrs. Cinqmars," he said, in an argumentative tone. "She may not be quite what you'd call good style—"

"I know very little of good or bad style," interrupted Elizabeth, in a somewhat contemptuous tone; "your world is so new to me. But certainly Mrs. Cinqmars has hardly what that French secretary of legation I went in to dinner with the other night called *l'air du faubourg*."

"Well, no, perhaps not; dresses a little too much, and indulges rather too freely in slang, perhaps. But she's the most kind-hearted creature in the world; gives the best parties out—not your high-and-mighty nine-o'clock dinners, with cabinet ministers and embassadors and foreign princelings, and so forth, but carpet dances and acting charades and impromptu suppers and water-parties. You go to her house to amuse yourself, in short, and not to do the civil to a lot of elderly fogies with orders at their button-holes, or to talk politics with some heavy swell whose name is always cropping up in the *Times* leaders."

"Who is Mr. Cinqmars?" inquired Elizabeth, with a supercilious air.

"Henri du Châtelet de Cinqmars. Born a Belgian, of a French-Canadian father and an English mother—that's his nationality. Made his money upon various stock exchanges, and continues so to make it, only extending his operations now and then by buying up a steamboat line, or something in that way. A man who will burst up some of these days, no doubt, and pay ninepence or so in the pound; but in the mean time he lives very decently at the rate of twenty thousand a year. He has literary proclivities too, and is editor and proprietor of the *Turf*, a daily paper in the sporting and theatrical interests, with a mild flavor of the *Age* and the *Satirist*, which you may or may not have seen."

"I never look at newspapers," said Elizabeth. "But pray why are you so anxious that I should like your Mrs. du Châtelet de Cinqmars?" she asked, lowering her fan and gratifying the Viscount with an inquiring gaze from her brilliant eyes, more than ever brilliant since she had drunk the sparkling cup of London pleasures.

"Because she's the nicest person you could possibly have for a chaperon. Ah, of course, I know," answering her glance in the direction of the busy letter-writer, whose substantial form was visible in the distance; "your aunt is a plucky old party, and can stand a good deal of knocking about for a veteran, but I think she'd knock under if she tried Mrs. Cinqmars's work: that blessed little woman shows up at every race in Great Britain—from Pontefract to the Curragh—and at every regatta; and in the autumn you find her at Hombourg or Baden, gambling like old boots. Now if you would only put yourself under her wing," concluded Lord Paulyn, persuasively, "you'd stand some chance of seeing life."

"Thank you very much; but I think I have seen enough in the last five weeks to last me for the remainder of my existence. Mrs. Cinqmars is a most good-natured person, no doubt; she called me 'my dear' half an hour after I'd been introduced to her; and I won't be so rude as to say that she's not good style; but she's not my style, and I shouldn't care about knowing her more intimately. Besides, papa wants me at home, and I am really anxious to go back."

She smiled to herself with a pensive smile, thinking what reason she had for this anxiety; thinking of the quiet country town, the gray old Norman church, with its wide aisles and ponderous square tower—the church along whose bare arched roof Malcolm Forde's deep voice echoed resonantly; thinking of that widely different life, with its sluggish calm, and that it would be very sweet to go back to it, now that life at Hawleigh meant happy, triumphant love, and Malcolm for her bond-slave.

But, in the mean time, this other and more mundane existence, with its picture-galleries, and gardens botanical or horticultural putting forth their first floral efforts, its dinners and déjeuners and kettle-drums and carpet dances, was something more than tolerable to the soul of Elizabeth. She had made a success in her aunt's circle, which was by no means a narrow one, and had received adulation enough to turn a stronger brain; had found the cup of pleasure filled to overflowing, and new worshipers every where she appeared. Had Mrs. Chevenix been a step or two higher on the nicely graduated platform of society, Miss Luttrell might have been the belle of the season; as it was, people talked of her as the beautiful Miss Luttrell, a country clergyman's daughter, a mere nobody, but a creature whom it was a solecism not to have met.

She accepted this homage with an air of calm indifference, something bordering even upon arrogance or superciliousness, which told well for her; but in her secret soul she absorbed the praises of mankind greedily. She showed herself a very fair adept in the art of flirtation, and had given so much apparent encouragement to Lord Paulyn that, although she had been only five weeks in town, her engagement to that young nobleman was already an established fact in the minds of people who had seen them together. But she was not the less constant to her absent lover; not the less eager for his brief but earnest letters. She looked forward to her future without a pang of regret—with rapturous anticipation, rather, of a little heaven upon earth with the man she adored; but she thought, at the same time, that her chosen husband was a peculiarly privileged being, and that he had need to rejoice with a measureless joy in having won so rare a prize.

"If he could see the attention I receive here, he might think it almost strange that I should love him better than all the rest of the world," she said to herself.

"Going back to Hawleigh!" cried Lord Paulyn, aghast. "Why, you mustn't dream of such a thing till after the Goodwood week! I have set my heart on showing you Goodwood."

"What is Goodwood?" asked Elizabeth, thinking it might be some new kind of game—an improvement upon croquet, perhaps—"and when is the Goodwood week?"

"Toward the end of July."

"In July! that would never do. I must go home in a fortnight at the latest."

"Why, your aunt told me you were coming up for the season!"

"My aunt had no right to say any thing of the kind."

"Oh, but it's positively absurd," exclaimed the Viscount, "going back just when there'll be most people in town, and to such a dingy old hole as Hawleigh. What possible necessity can there be for your returning? Mr. Luttrell has your three sisters to take care of him. He'll do well enough, I should think."

"Oh yes, I dare say he will get on very well," said Elizabeth, thinking of another person who had written lately to inquire, rather seriously, whether the few weeks were not nearly over—whether she had not had ample time already for her brief survey of a world whose pomps and vanities she was going to renounce forever, only thereby conforming to the pious promises of her godfathers and godmothers, which her own lips had ratified at her confirmation.

"Come now," said Lord Paulyn, returning to the charge, "do let me arrange an alliance between you and Mrs. Cinqmars. She's just the kind of person with whom you could enjoy yourself. She has a box on the grand stand at Epsom and Ascot every year—I shouldn't wonder if she had bought the freehold of them—and always takes a brace of pretty girls with her. If you would only let her drive you down to the Derby, now, to-morrow week, I'll be responsible for your having a delightful day; and I'll be in attendance to show you every thing and every body worth seeing."

"Thanks. I don't think my aunt cares for Mrs. Cinqmars."

"Your aunt is about a century behind the times; but perhaps Flora—Mrs. C.—hasn't been civil enough to her. Let me drive you and Mrs. Chevenix down to Fulham this afternoon. Tuesday's her day for receiving, and you'll see no end of nice people there. I'll send my groom for the drag, and take you through the Park in good style."

A four-in-hand seemed to Elizabeth the glory and triumph of the age; and there was nothing particular in the Eaton Square programme for this afternoon.

"I should like it very well," she said, brightening, "if auntie would consent."

"Oh, I'll soon settle that," replied Lord Paulyn, rising from his *pouf*, and going into the next room.

Mrs. Chevenix, after a little diplomatic hesitation, consented to every thing except the drag.

"No young lady, with a proper regard for her reputation, can ride on the box-seat of a four-in-hand, unless the coachman is her brother or her husband."

"I'm very glad I'm not the first, in this case," said Lord Paulyn; "and I certainly mean to be the second, if I can."

These were the plainest words the Viscount had yet spoken, and they moved the spirit of Aunt Chevenix with exceeding joy, albeit she knew that her niece was engaged to Mr. Forde.

"If you really wish us to visit Mrs. Cinqmars—and you know, dear Lord Paulyn, there is very little I would not do to oblige you," she said, with a maternal air—"I'll take Lizzie down to the Rancho in the brougham, and you can join us there if you like. Mrs. Cinqmars has called upon me several times, and I have not returned her visits. She seems a very good-natured little person; but, you see, I am getting an old woman, and don't care much about cultivating new acquaintance."

Thus Mrs. Chevenix, who would have run herself into a fever in the pursuit of an unknown countess.

Lord Paulyn waived the question of the drag regretfully.

"My horses haven't been as fit as they are to-day since they came from grass," he said; "but I'll drive down alone. What time will you start? It's just four; Mrs. Cinqmars is always in full force from five to six."

"If you'll be kind enough to ring the bell, I'll order the carriage for a quarter to five. I shall have time to dress after I've finished my letters for the general post."

"Can't think how any one can write letters, now we've got the telegraph," said Lord Paulyn, staring in amazement at Aunt Chevenix's bulky dispatches. "I always wire."

"But if you were in love, and separated from the object of your affections?" suggested Mrs. Chevenix, smiling.

"I should wire; or, if I had something uncommonly spooney to say, I might spell it backward in the second column of the *Times*. I don't know how to write a letter; indeed, I'm not at all clear that I haven't forgotten how to write long-hand altogether. I keep my betting-book in cipher; and when I send a telegram, I always dictate the message to the post-office clerk."

"But I should have thought, now, with respect to your race-horses, the telegraph system might be dangerous. There are things you want to keep dark, as you call it, are there not?"

"Of course there are. But we've got our code, my trainer and I, and our own private names for every brute in my stable. Got a message this morning: 'Bryant and May taken to the bassoon.' By which I know that Vesuvian, a two-year-old I was backing for next year, has been run out of her wind in some confounded trial, and is musical."

"Musical!"

"Yes, ma'am; a roarer, if you want it in plain English."

"Dear me, how provoking!" said Mrs. Chevenix, with a sympathetic countenance, but with not the faintest idea what the Viscount meant.

Elizabeth consented to the Rancho business languidly.

"I'd rather stay at home and finish my novel," she said, looking at an open volume lying on one

of the *poufs*. "You can't imagine what an exciting chapter you interrupted, Lord Paulyn; but of course I shall go if auntie likes. Auntie has such an insatiable appetite for society."

Mrs. Chevenix raised her eyebrows, and regarded her niece with admiring wonder. "Who would ever imagine the child had been reared in a Devonshire vicarage!" she exclaimed, as Elizabeth sat fanning herself, an image of listless grace.

"Who would have supposed Venus came out of the sea!" replied the Viscount. "She didn't look weedy, or sandy, or shell-fishy, that ever I heard of; but came up smiling, with her hair combed out as neatly as the tails and manes of my fillies. And as to rustic bringing up, there was that young woman in the play—Lady Teazle, you know. See how she carried on."

The Viscount departed after this, happy in the prospect of meeting Elizabeth an hour later in the happy hunting-grounds of the Rancho, perhaps the best field for flirtation within four miles of Hyde Park Corner.

"Elizabeth," exclaimed Mrs. Chevenix, when they were alone, with an air of almost awful solemnity, "there is a coronet lying at your feet, if you have only the wisdom to pick it up. I am not going to make any complaint, or to express my opinions, or to say any thing in disparagement of *that person*. I have kept my feelings upon *that* subject locked within my breast, at any cost of pain to myself. But if, when you have looked around you, and seen what the world is made of, you can be so infatuated as to persist in your mad course, I can only pity you."

"Don't take the trouble to do that, auntie. I can imagine no higher happiness than that which I have chosen. A coronet is a grand thing, of course, with all the other things that go along with it. I am not going to pretend that I don't care for the world and its pleasures. I do care for them. I have enjoyed my life in the last three weeks more than I thought it possible that life could be enjoyed. I fear that I have an infinite capacity for frivolity. And yet I shall be proud to surrender all these things for the love of the man I have chosen."

"The man you have chosen!" repeated Mrs. Chevenix, with a shiver. "My dearest Lizzie, is there not a shade of indelicacy in the very phrase?"

"I can't help that," answered Elizabeth, coolly: "I know that I did choose him. I chose him out from all creation for the lord of my life, worshiped him in secret when I thought he was indifferent to me; should have died of a broken heart, I believe, or at any rate of mortification and disappointment, if he had never returned my love."

This was a bold declaration intended to extinguish Aunt Chevenix at once and forever.

"My poor child," said the matron, shaking her head with a deploring air, "I am inexpressibly grieved to hear you speak in that wild manner of such a person as your father's curate. A man in that position can not afford to be loved in that exaggerated way. A *grande passion* is out of keeping among people with limited incomes, and their career to make in the world. With people of established position it is different, of course; and though I might smile at such an infatuation, were you to entertain it for Lord Paulyn, I could hardly disapprove. You and he would be as far removed from the vulgar herd of engaged persons as a prince and princess in a fairy tale, and might safely indulge in some little extravagance."

"You need fear very little extravagance on my part if Lord Paulyn were my accepted lover," answered Elizabeth, with a cynical laugh. "Imagine any one mated to that prosaic being, with his slang and his stable talk!"

"In spite of those small drawbacks—which, after all, are natural to his youth and open-hearted disposition—I believe him to be capable of a most devoted attachment. I have seen him gaze at you, Elizabeth, in a way that made my blood run cold, when I considered that you were capable of trampling upon such a heart for the sake of a Scotch curate. However, I will say nothing," concluded Mrs. Chevenix, with heroism, after having said all she wanted to say.

In half an hour the two ladies were dressed and on their way to Fulham, Elizabeth enveloped in a fleecy cloud of whiteness, with gleams of lustrous mauve here and there among her drapery, and a mauve feather in her white chip hat, gloves faultless, parasol a gem: a toilet whose finishing touches had been furnished by the well-filled purse of Mrs. Chevenix. The matron herself was resplendent in gray silk and an imposing blue bonnet. They had put on their richest armor for the encounter with Mrs. Cinqmars, a lady who spent her life in trying to dress down her acquaintance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We regret to announce the death, on the 10th of March, in New York city, of Professor John Torrey, Assayer of the United States Assay-office in this city, and the Nestor of botanical science in America.

Born in 1798 in New York, he was one of the first to organize the New York Lyceum of Natural History, and during the entire period of its active usefulness he was one of its ardent supporters and most valued contributors. One of his earliest botanical efforts was the publication of a catalogue of the plants growing within thirty miles of New York, and in 1834 he commenced his *Flora of the Northern United States.* After his association with Professor Asa Gray this grew, in 1838, into *The Flora of North America*, a work which was extended over a considerable number of families, and which is even yet a standard work of reference.

The great work upon the *Natural History of the State of New York* embraced in its series a work upon botany by Professor Torrey; and both separately and in connection with Dr. Gray he published numerous reports upon various collections made by Fremont and others, some of which were published by the Smithsonian Institution, and others in the various volumes of government documents.

Dr. Torrey was almost as well known in the departments of chemistry and mineralogy as in that of botany, and numerous papers from his pen relating to these subjects are on record.

Dr. Torrey was made Professor of Chemistry at West Point in 1824, in which position he continued until 1827, when he left to take charge of the professorship of chemistry and botany in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, which he held until 1854. From 1828 to 1851 he also exercised the function of Professor of Chemistry at Princeton College. Upon the establishment of the Assay-office in New York, in 1853, he was appointed Assayer, an office which he held until the day of his death. Professor Torrey was also deeply interested in Columbia College, and did much toward giving character to it, and extending its usefulness. His very extensive and valuable herbarium, embracing specimens not only from North America, but also from other parts of the world, was presented by him, some time before his death, to that institution.

For the purpose of more fully carrying out the law of Congress in reference to the propagation of useful food fishes in the rivers and lakes of the United States, the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries made arrangements with Mr. N. W. Clark to hatch out several hundred thousand white-fish eggs at his establishment at Clarkston, Michigan, with the special object of transferring them, in due season, to the waters of California.

At the proper time, in February last, two hundred thousand eggs were carefully packed and forwarded to California; but, for some unexplained reason, they were nearly all dead on their arrival. In no way discouraged by this experience, the Commissioner directed the shipment of a second lot of two hundred thousand eggs, which arrived in good condition, and the greater number have since hatched out at the State hatching establishment on Clear Lake, into which body of water they will be put at the right time.

Mr. Livingston Stone, Deputy United States Fish Commissioner, who has been in California during the past winter in the discharge of his functions, aided the California State Commissioners in preparing the hatching house on Clear Lake for the reception of the eggs, and the work has been mainly done there under his direction. The feasibility of shipping the eggs of white-fish over so great a distance has now been satisfactorily solved, and there will probably be no difficulty in carrying on this work to any desirable extent. Mr. Stone has returned to the East with a view of procuring living black bass, eels, perch, and lobsters, which he will take back to California in a few weeks, in a special car arranged expressly for the purpose.

The California Commissioners appear to be fully alive to the interests involved in the multiplication of the food fishes in their State, and seem disposed to leave no method untried to accomplish this desirable object.

It is said that among the last acts of Professor Tyndall before leaving New York on his return to England was an engagement to superintend the construction, for the Signal-office, of some electrical apparatus for making regular observations of the atmospheric electricity. We infer from this that General Myer is fully aware of the important advances that have been made of late in this science, and especially by the English electricians. It will be considered a highly important addition to meteorological studies if the Signal Service is able to successfully put in practice the system of "electrical geodesy" proposed by Sir William Thomson in 1859.

In compliance with the act of incorporation, the report of the National Academy of Sciences for the year 1872 was presented by Professor Henry, the president, to Congress, and lately printed. It is occupied principally by a statement of the original law organizing the Academy, and the steps taken under the recent act of Congress as to the number of members, and includes also the amended constitution of 1872, and the list of papers presented at the Washington meetings of April, 1871, and April, 1872, and of those at the meeting of November 21 at Cambridge.

The astronomers of this country will be interested to learn that the Senate has confirmed the persons nominated by the Secretary of the Navy to the four vacant professorships of mathematics created by the action of Congress in 1872. Of these new professors it is to be expected that one or more, and possibly all, will be assigned to duty at the Naval Observatory, as that institution has for some years labored under the disadvantage of having a too limited force of observers and computers. Professor Holden, one of the new officers, has resigned his position as Lieutenant of United States Engineers to enter upon his new duties.

According to a writer in *The Academy*, there are four vast areas which have never been traversed by civilized man, and which, among them, constitute about one-seventeenth of the whole area of the globe. Of these the greatest is the antarctic region, the extent of which is about seventy-five times that of Great Britain. The second lies about the north pole; the third is in Central Africa; and the fourth in Western Australia. The south polar region referred to is almost conterminous with the antarctic circle, to which the nearest approach was made by Ross in February, 1842, in latitude 78° 10′, south of New Zealand. The nearest approach to the centre of the region at the north pole was by Parry, in latitude 81° 45′, north of Spitzbergen, in July, 1827.

The unexplored African area (which promises most interesting results, from its variety of animal and vegetable life, and its peculiarities in an ethnological point of view) reaches on the west very closely to the coast, and it is only near the equator that it has been driven inland, at the extremities of Du Chaillu's journeys of 1865 and 1866, and by the high point of the Ogowai River reached by Walker in the last-mentioned year. The settled parts of the coast-land of Angola give the boundary on the southwest. If the Livingstone Congo Expedition under Lieutenant Grandy be successful, it will penetrate to the very heart of this unknown space; and it is hoped that this, together with the German Congo Expedition, will secure important results. The preparations for the latter are well advanced, and it is stated that Dr. Finsch, the eminent ornithologist connected with the Bremen Museum, will accompany the party in the capacity of zoologist.

In Australia the great unknown desert region lies to the west of the track explored from south to north by Stuart in 1861, and which now forms the line of telegraphic communication across that continent. The areas of these unknown regions of the globe are estimated, approximately, at about 11,600,000 square miles.

The Geographical Society of St. Petersburg has lately undertaken a new exploration of Russian territory in addition to those already carried on under its auspices. For this purpose the sections of mathematical and physical geography presented to the councils of the Society in October last a programme of an expedition having for its object the geographical and geological expedition to the Olenek and the Lower Tunguska. It is proposed to intrust the direction of the expedition to Mr. Tchékanoosky, the programme having been drawn up by Mr. T. Schmidt, who is already favorably known in connection with similar enterprises.

The plan consists in a minute exploration of the area between the lower affluents of the Yenisei and the Lena, embracing the basin of the river Olenek, which represents an important deficiency in the known portion of Eastern Siberia. Two years will be occupied in the exploration. During the first the expedition will descend the Lower Tunguska, and will reach Irkutsk by the Yenisei. During the second year it expects to reach the sources of the Olenek by sledges, to descend that river to its mouth, and then cross over to the Lena, and return by this river to Irkutsk.

The Archimandrite Palladius, who has already sent many interesting facts relative to the geography and internal condition of the Chinese empire to the Geographical Society of St. Petersburg, has lately forwarded to it a collection of ancient Chinese, Japanese, and Corean coins, as well as a copy of an inscription of a tumular stone which he found near Tourdane, in the southern part of the Oussouri country. Some of these coins, according to Palladius, belong to a period 175 B.C.

An important movement has just been made in Great Britain, looking toward the assumption, on the part of the government, of the care of the numerous monuments of prehistoric times found in different parts of the British Islands, and variously known as cromlechs, dolmens, earth-works, mounds, cairns, etc. Some of these (Stonehenge, for instance) are celebrated the world over on account of their magnitude and general interest, while numerous others of greater or less importance have a local history and consideration. It has been a source of much regret that these objects have been disappearing with great rapidity, the stone being broken up for building purposes, and the earth-works razed by the operations of the farmer, and otherwise.

As the only means of preventing these injuries, Sir John Lubbock has introduced a bill into the present Parliament, with a fair prospect of its becoming a law. It is proposed to place the monuments referred to in charge of a body of Commissioners, who are for the principal part high public functionaries, and three of them to be named by the Crown. They are to have charge of certain monuments specified, but with the provision that others not indicated may, with the permission of the Treasury, be brought under their control. When that has been done, any injury or damage to the monuments will be treated as malicious injury, and become penal, unless the written permission of the Commissioners has been obtained, or they have declined to purchase either the monument itself or a power to restrain the owner or occupier of it from injuring it during a certain period of years.

The Commissioners are empowered to purchase the freehold or other estate in any monument, and rights of way for the public to it, as well as to exercise the power of restraint from injury. The amount of compensation to be awarded, under either head, is to be determined under an existing act of Parliament, but the money for the same must be appropriated directly from the Treasury. When will any such steps be taken by the general government of the United States for the preservation of the many ancient mounds, earth-works, and other prehistoric antiquities of the United States?

The Imperial Archæological Commission of St. Petersburg has lately published a second livraison of its magnificent work upon the antiquities of the Scythia of Herodotus. This embraces a large number of figures of prehistoric instruments obtained in the mounds and other localities in the steppes of the Black Sea.

It is asserted by high authority that a single trout, in increasing in weight from the newly born stage to one pound, or from one pound to two pounds, will require fifty pounds of flesh for the operation; while much is wasted, the greater part is eaten. With a large number of fish the waste is less. It is estimated, however, that a thousand trout of one pound each can be brought to a weight of two pounds each at an expenditure of about 12,000 pounds of flesh. Horse-meat is principally used for this purpose in Europe, on account of its greater cheapness.

It is to be hoped that the measures proposed to be taken for the protection of the seals of the northern part of the European seas, especially in the neighborhood of Spitzbergen, may be extended to the North Atlantic also, as the seal fishery in the American waters is prosecuted on a larger scale than that from the opposite coast. At the present time twenty steamers are about starting from Newfoundland, all properly equipped; and if the same methods of reckless destruction which have prevailed for two years are allowed to go on a few years longer, we shall be in danger of having the seal become as much of a natural curiosity as the Great Auk.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN EXHIBIT.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.

Your committee find, on examination of the reports of the Book Concern submitted to them for the years 1871 and 1872, large differences in the estimated values of real estate and merchandise, without any explanation from the Book Committee.

To give the Conference a clear understanding of these differences, we present the following comparative statements:

In 1872—Real Estate—One undivided ¾ of property, 805 Broadway	$600,000 00
In 1871—Real Estate—One undivided ¾ of property, 805 Broadway	717,904 13
Difference	$117,904 13
In 1872—Buildings and Lots—Mulberry and Mott streets	$125,000 00
In 1871—Buildings and Lots—Mulberry and Mott streets	150,000 00
Difference	$25,000 00
In 1872—Buildings and Lots—San Francisco, California	$30,000 00
In 1871—Buildings and Lots—San Francisco, California	48,000 00
Difference	$18,000 00
Aggregate difference in Real Estate between 1871 and 1872	$160,904 13

Of merchandise we can give no definite statement, but the aggregate difference of real estate and merchandise is as follows:

In 1871	$1,850,315 50
In 1872	1,646,595 33
Difference	$203,720 17
The Net Capital of 1871 is reported as	$1,055,179 57
" " 1872 " "	794,175 17
Difference	$261,004 40

In the report of 1872 there is no statement made of profits or losses, which, in the judgment of your committee, is entirely unsatisfactory. We therefore respectfully request the Book Committee hereafter, in their annual statements, to give to the Conferences an exhibit of profits and losses, and the reason for the difference between the estimated value of assets in the reports of 1871 and 1872.

Jos. France, *Chairman.*

Robert N. Brown, *Secretary.*

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Bunsen read somewhere that the Chinese tell the time of day by examining the pupil of a cat's eye, and he began to carry a cat around with him in his overcoat pocket with the intention to yank her out by the tail whenever he desired to ascertain the hour. But he carries a watch now. Apart from the fact that the cat used to yowl and spit and charge around in an uncomfortable manner in his pocket, the first time Bunsen dragged her out to examine her eyes she clawed furrows an inch deep in his face, and carried on so, generally, that he thought it better to drop her and hunt up a place where they sold arnica plaster and salve.

"I die game," as the partridge said when he was shot.

A hop in your walk is a halt, but a dance upon nothing is a halter. A deal of gold may be a plum, but a dealer in lead is a plumber. You may sometimes put sauce into a cup, but you should always put a cup into a saucer. You're a fool if you're a walker in a pond, you're a philosopher if you ponder in your walk. A cough makes you wheezy in the chest, but of the chest you can easily make a coffer. A steel is what makes a blade sharp, but a blade that makes a sharper is a stealer.

An attached Couple—The shells of an oyster.

When a citizen of Louisville can not procure the real old Bourbon to irrigate his alimentary canal, he steals an old whisky barrel and splits it up into small pieces, which he chews as he would licorice root. A well-soaked barrel stave is equal to two drinks, and a bung-hole affords sustenance for a week.

When is it right to take any one in?—When it rains.

For what port is a man bound during courtship?—Bound to Havre.

An old woman accosted two gentlemen in Quincy Market, Boston, one day, with the following negative inquiry: "Gentlemen, you hain't none on you seen nothing of no snuff-box nowhere round here no time to-day, with no snuff in it, hain't yer?" They said, "Yes, they hadn't neither."

A lady who recently made a call at one of our most fashionable residences was somewhat astonished by the servant, a new importation, replying to her inquiry if the mistress of the house was at home, "Well, leddy, dunnow, but yez can give me yer ticket [card], an' I'll see if they'll be lettin' yer come into the parlors."

A young Woman's Conundrum.—Who is our favorite Roman hero?—*Answer:* Marius.

A colored clergyman in Philadelphia recently gave notice as follows from the pulpit, "There will be a four days' meeting every evening this week except Wednesday afternoon."

A Western justice wound up a marriage by saying, "And I now send you to the county jail for thirty days." He was thinking of another case.

"Sambo, what is dar dat nebber was, nebber can be, and nebber will be?" "I dunno, Cæsar; I gibs it up." "Why, chile, a mouse's nest in a cat's ear."

A Word to the Wise—Keep so.

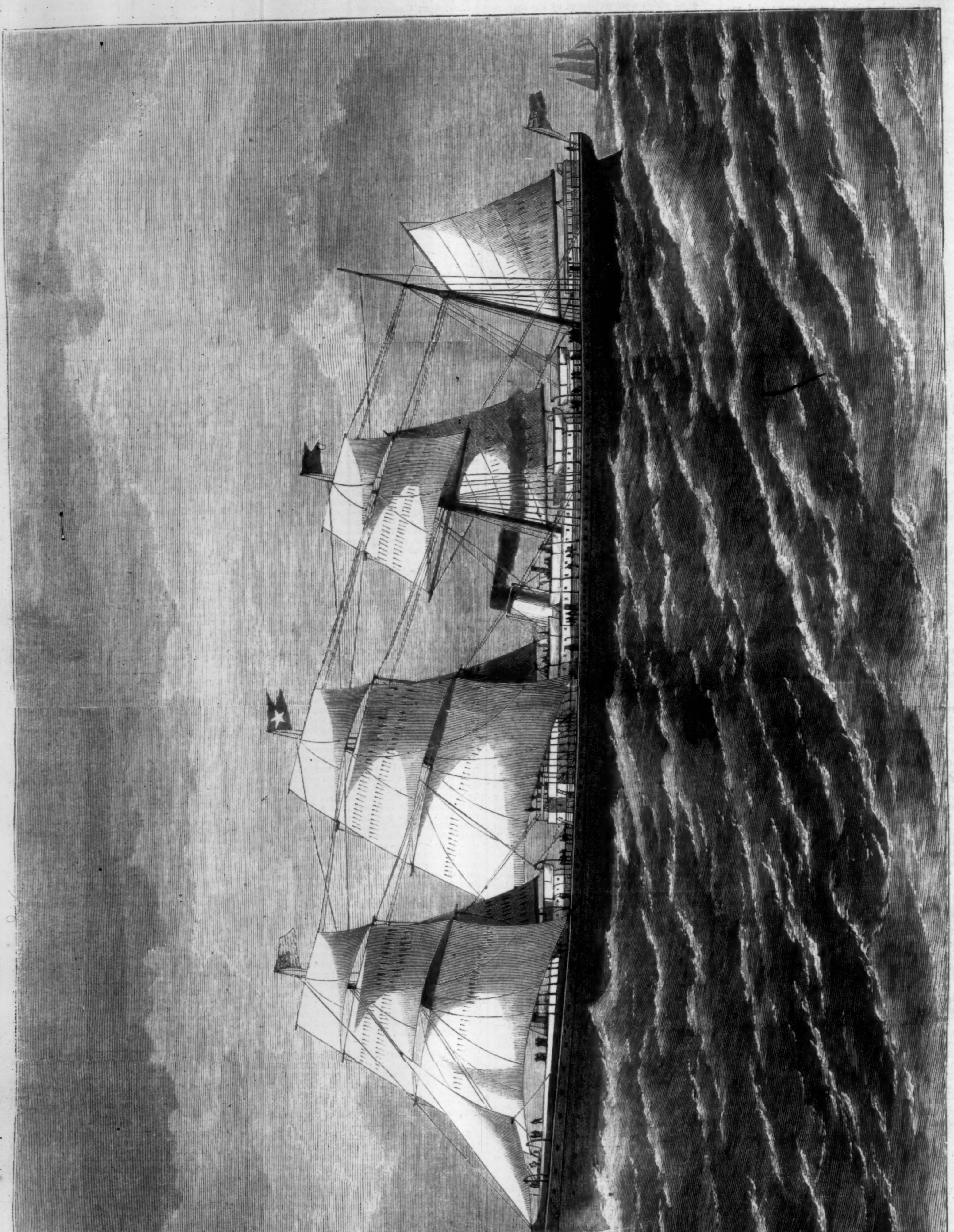
When is a young lady like a music-book?—When she is full of airs.

A rich old fellow who owns more houses than any one man in Toledo was waited upon by a committee for a subscription to rebuild the fence about the cemetery. His reply was characteristic as well as humorous. "Gentlemen, I have always made it a rule in my business never to make any repairs until the tenants began to complain."

If you should lose your nose, what would you do?—Take the first one that turns up.

"Silence! silence!" cried the judge, in great wrath. "Here we have decided half a dozen cases this morning, and I have not heard a word of one of them!"

Most men like to see themselves in print. Ladies like to see themselves in silks and velvets.



THE STEAM-SHIP "ATLANTIC," WRECKED ON MARS HEAD ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 1, 1873.—[See Page 317.]

THE WRECK OF THE "ATLANTIC."—[See Page 317.]

MY APRIL LOVE.

An April maiden is my love!
So full of moods is she,
I hardly know, to tell the truth,
Which mood most pleaseth me.
Her smiles are as bewildering
As April's sunniest day—
So tender, I am fain to wish
They ne'er may pass away.

But if my love doth charm me so
When she with mirth o'erflows,
How can I tell the strange sweet spell
Her sadness o'er me throws?
Like violets bathed in morning dew
Her dear eyes seem to be:
And then I think she's dearer yet
Than e'er before to me!

All smiles and tears, my little love
Is like an April day,
For sunshine giveth place to clouds,
By sunbeams chased away.
Ah me! which mood doth please me most
I fear will ne'er be known;
But what care I, since in them all
Her heart is still my own!

(Continued from No. 850, page 312.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

Author of "Pelham," "The Caxtons," "The Last of the Barons," "My Novel," "The Coming Race," Etc., Etc.

BOOK FIFTH.

CHAPTER I.

The next day at noon M. Louvier was closeted in his study with M. Gandrin.

"Yes," cried Louvier, "I have behaved very handsomely to the *beau Marquis*. No one can say to the contrary."

"True," answered Gandrin. "Besides the easy terms for the transfer of the mortgages, that free bonus of 1000 louis is a generous and noble act of munificence."

"Is it not! and my youngster has already begun to do with it as I meant and expected. He has taken a fine apartment; he has bought a *coupé* and horses; he has placed himself in the hands of the Chevalier de Finisterre; he is entered at the Jockey Club. *Parbleu*, the 1000 louis will be soon gone."

"And then?"

"And then!—why, he will have tasted the sweets of Parisian life. He will think with disgust of the *vieux manoir*. He can borrow no more. I must remain sole mortgagee, and I shall behave as handsomely in buying his estates as I have behaved in increasing his income."

Here a clerk entered and said "that a monsieur wished to see M. Louvier for a few minutes, in private, on urgent business."

"Tell him to send in his card."

"He has declined to do so, but states that he has already the honor of your acquaintance."

"A writer in the press, perhaps; or is he an artist?"

"I have not seen him before, monsieur, but he has the air *très comme il faut*."

"Well, you may admit him. I will not detain you longer, my dear Gandrin. My homages to madame. *Bonjour*."

Louvier bowed out M. Gandrin, and then rubbed his hands complacently. He was in high spirits. "Aha, my dear Marquis, thou art in my trap now. Would it were thy father instead," he muttered, chucklingly, and then took his stand on his hearth, with his back to the fireless grate. There entered a gentleman, exceedingly well dressed—dressed according to the fashion, but still as became one of ripe middle age, not desiring to pass for younger than he was.

He was tall, with a kind of lofty ease in his air and his movements; not slight of frame, but spare enough to disguise the strength and endurance which belong to sinews and thews of steel, freed from all superfluous flesh, broad across the shoulders, thin in the flanks. His dark hair had in youth been luxuriant in thickness and curl; it was now clipped short, and had become bare at the temples, but it still retained the lustre of its color and the crispness of its ringlets. He wore neither beard nor mustache, and the darkness of his hair was contrasted by a clear fairness of complexion, healthful, though somewhat pale, and eyes of that rare gray tint which has in it no shade of blue—peculiar eyes, which give a very distinct character to the face. The man must have been singularly handsome in youth; he was handsome still, though probably in his forty-seventh or forty-eighth year, doubtless a very different kind of comeliness. The form of the features and the contour of the face were those that suit the rounded beauty of the Greek outline, and such beauty would naturally have been the attribute of the countenance in earlier days. But the cheeks were now thin, and with lines of care or sorrow between nostril and lip, so that the shape of the face seemed lengthened, and the features had become more salient.

Louvier gazed at his visitor with a vague idea that he had seen him before, and could not remember where or when; but, at all events, he recognized at the first glance a man of rank and of the great world.

"Pray be seated, monsieur!" he said, resuming his own easy-chair.

The visitor obeyed the invitation with a very graceful bend of his head, drew his chair near to the financier's, stretched his limbs with the ease of a man making himself at home, and fixing his calm bright eyes quietly on Louvier, said, with a bland smile,

"My dear old friend, do you not remember me? You are less altered than I am."

Louvier stared hard and long; his lip fell, his cheek paled, and at last he faltered out, "*Ciel!* is it possible! Victor—the Vicomte de Mauléon?"

"At your service, my dear Louvier."

There was a pause; the financier was evidently confused and embarrassed, and not less evidently the visit of the "dear old friend" was unwelcome.

"Vicomte," he said at last, "this is indeed a surprise; I thought you had long since quitted Paris for good."

"'*L'homme propose*,' etc. I have returned, and mean to enjoy the rest of my days in the metropolis of the Graces and the Pleasures. What though we are not so young as we were, Louvier—we have more vigor in us than the new generation; and though it may no longer befit us to renew the gay carousals of old, life has still excitements as vivid for the social temperament and ambitious mind. Yes, the *roi des viveurs* returns to Paris for a more solid throne than he filled before."

"Are you serious?"

"As serious as the French gayety will permit one to be."

"Alas, M. le Vicomte! Can you flatter yourself that you will regain the society you have quitted, and the name you have—"

Louvier stopped short; something in the Vicomte's eye daunted him.

"The name I have laid aside for convenience of travel. Princes travel incognito, and so may a simple *gentilhomme*. 'Regain my place in society,' say you? Yes; it is not that which troubles me."

"What does?"

"The consideration whether on a very modest income I can be sufficiently esteemed for myself to render that society more pleasant than ever. Ah, *mon cher!* why recoil? why so frightened? Do you think I am going to ask you for money? Have I ever done so since we parted? and did I ever do so before without repaying you? Bah! you *roturiers* are worse than the Bourbons. You never learn nor unlearn. '*Fors non mutat genus*.'"

The magnificent *millionnaire*, accustomed to the homage of grandees from the Faubourg and *lions* from the Chaussée d'Antin, rose to his feet in superb wrath, less at the taunting words than at the haughtiness of mien with which they were uttered.

"Monsieur, I can not permit you to address me in that tone. Do you mean to insult me?"

"Certainly not. Tranquillize your nerves, reseat yourself, and listen. Reseat yourself, I say."

Louvier dropped into his chair.

"No," resumed the Vicomte, politely, "I do not come here to insult you, neither do I come to ask money; I assume that I am in my rights when I ask M. Louvier what has become of Louise Duval?"

"Louise Duval! I know nothing about her."

"Possibly not now; but you did know her well enough, when we two parted, to be a candidate for her hand. You did know her enough to solicit my good offices in promotion of your suit; and you did, at my advice, quit Paris to seek her at Aix-la-Chapelle."

"What! have you, M. de Mauléon, not heard news of her since that day?"

"I decline to accept your question as an answer to mine. You went to Aix-la-Chapelle; you saw Louise Duval; at my urgent request she condescended to accept your hand."

"No, M. de Mauléon, she did not accept my hand. I did not even see her. The day before I arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle she had left it—not alone—left it with her lover."

"Her lover! You do not mean the miserable Englishman who—"

"No Englishman," interrupted Louvier, fiercely. "Enough that the step she took placed an eternal barrier between her and myself. I have never even sought to hear of her since that day. Vicomte, that woman was the one love of my life. I loved her, as you must have known, to folly—to madness. And how was my love requited? Ah! you open a very deep wound, M. le Vicomte."

"Pardon me, Louvier; I did not give you credit for feelings so keen and so genuine, nor did I think myself thus easily affected by matters belonging to a past life so remote from the present. For whom did Louise forsake you?"

"It matters not—he is dead."

"I regret to hear that; I might have avenged you."

"I need no one to avenge my wrong. Let this pass."

"Not yet. Louise, you say, fled with a seducer? So proud as she was, I can scarcely believe it."

"Oh, it was not with a *roturier* she fled; her pride would not have allowed that."

"He must have deceived her somehow. Did she continue to live with him?"

"That question, at least, I can answer; for though I lost all trace of her life, his life was pretty well known to me till its end; and a very few months after she fled he was enchained to another. Let us talk of her no more."

"Ay, ay," muttered De Mauléon, "some disgraces are not to be redeemed, and therefore not to be discussed. To me, though a relation, Louise Duval was but little known, and after what you tell me, I can not dispute your right to say, 'talk of her no more.' You loved her, and she wronged you. My poor Louvier, pardon me if I made an old wound bleed afresh."

These words were said with a certain pathetic tenderness; they softened Louvier toward the speaker.

After a short pause the Vicomte swept his hand over his brow, as if to dismiss from his mind a painful and obtrusive thought; then, with a changed expression of countenance—an expression frank and winning—with voice and with manner in which no vestige remained of the irony or the haughtiness with which he had resented the frigidity of his reception, he drew his chair still nearer to Louvier's, and resumed: "Our situations, Paul Louvier, are much changed since we two became friends. I then could say, 'Open, sesame,' to whatever recesses, forbidden to vulgar footsteps, the adventurer whom I took by the hand might wish to explore. In those days my heart was warm; I liked you, Louvier—honestly liked you. I think our personal acquaintance commenced in some gay gathering of young *viveurs*, whose behavior to you offended my sense of good-breeding?"

Louvier colored, and muttered inaudibly.

De Mauléon continued: "I felt it due to you to rebuke their incivilities, the more so as you evinced on that occasion your own superiority in sense and temper, permit me to add, with no lack of becoming spirit."

Louvier bowed his head, evidently gratified.

"From that day we became familiar. If any obligation to me were incurred, you would not have been slow to return it. On more than one occasion when I was rapidly wasting money—and money was plentiful with you—you generously offered me your purse. On more than one occasion I accepted the offer; and you would never have asked repayment if I had not insisted on repaying. I was no less grateful for your aid."

Louvier made a movement as if to extend his hand, but he checked the impulse.

"There was another attraction which drew me toward you. I recognized in your character a certain power in sympathy with that power which I imagined lay dormant in myself, and not to be found among the *freluquets* and *lions* who were my more habitual associates. Do you not remember some hours of serious talk we have had together when we lounged in the Tuileries, or sipped our coffee in the garden of the Palais Royal—hours when we forgot that those were the haunts of idlers, and thought of the stormy actions affecting the history of the world of which they had been the scene—hours when I confided to you, as I confided to no other man, the ambitious hopes for the future which my follies in the present, alas! were hourly tending to frustrate?"

"Ay, I remember the star-lit night; it was not in the gardens of the Tuileries nor in the Palais Royal—it was on the Pont de la Concorde, on which we had paused, noting the starlight on the waters, that you said, pointing toward the walls of the *Corps Législatif*, 'Paul, when I once get into the Chamber, how long will it take me to become First Minister of France?'"

"Did I say so?—possibly; but I was too young then for admission to the Chamber, and I fancied I had so many years yet to spare in idle loiterings at the Fountain of Youth. Pass over these circumstances. You became in love with Louise. I told you her troubled history; it did not diminish your love; and then I frankly favored your suit. You set out for Aix-la-Chapelle a day or two afterward—then fell the thunder-bolt which shattered my existence—and we have never met again till this hour. You did not receive me kindly, Paul Louvier."

"But," said Louvier, falteringly—"but since you refer to that thunder-bolt, you can not but be aware that—that—"

"I was subjected to a calumny which I expect those who have known me as well as you did to assist me now to refute."

"If it be really a calumny."

"Heavens, man! could you ever doubt *that?*" cried De Mauléon, with heat; "ever doubt that I would rather have blown out my brains than allowed them even to conceive the idea of a crime so base?"

"Pardon me," answered Louvier, meekly, "but I did not return to Paris for months after you had disappeared. My mind was unsettled by the news that awaited me at Aix; I sought to distract it by travel—visited Holland and England; and when I did return to Paris, all that I heard of your story was the darker side of it. I willingly listen to your own account. You never took, or at least never accepted, the Duchesse de ——'s jewels; and your friend M. de N—— never sold them to one jeweler and obtained their substitutes in paste from another?"

The Vicomte made a perceptible effort to repress an impulse of rage; then reseating himself in his chair, and with that slight shrug of the shoulder by which a Frenchman implies to himself that rage would be out of place, replied, calmly, "M. de N—— did as you say, but, of course, not employed by me, nor with my knowledge. Listen; the truth is this—the time has come to tell it. Before you left Paris for Aix I found myself on the brink of ruin. I had glided toward it with my characteristic recklessness—with that scorn of money for itself—that sanguine confidence in the favor of fortune which are vices common to every *roi des viveurs*. Poor mock Alexanders that we spendthrifts are in youth! we divide all we have among others, and when asked by some prudent friend, 'What have you left for your own share?' answer, 'Hope.' I knew, of course, that my patrimony was rapidly vanishing; but then my horses were matchless. I had enough to last me for years on their chance of winning—of course they would win. But you may recollect when we parted that I was troubled—creditors' bills before me, usurers' bills too—and you, my dear Louvier, pressed on me your purse—were angry when I refused it. How could I accept? All my chance of repayment was in the speed of a horse. I believed in that chance for myself; but for a trustful friend, no. Ask your own heart, now—nay, I will not say heart—ask your own common-sense, whether a man who then put aside your purse—spendthrift, *vaurien* though he might be—was likely to steal or accept a woman's jewels—*Va, mon pauvre Louvier*, again I say, '*Fors non mutat genus*.'"

Despite the repetition of the displeasing patrician motto, such reminiscences of his visitor's motley character—irregular, turbulent, the reverse of severe, but, in its own loose way, grandly generous and grandly brave—struck both on the common-sense and the heart of the listener; and the Frenchman recognized the Frenchman. Louvier doubted Mauléon's word no more, bowed his head, and said, "Victor de Mauléon, I have wronged you—go on."

"On the day after you left for Aix came that horse-race on which my all depended: it was lost. The loss absorbed the whole of my remaining fortune: it absorbed about 20,000 francs in excess, a debt of honor to De N——, whom you called my friend: friend he was not; imitator, follower, flatterer, yes. Still I deemed him enough my friend to say to him, 'Give me a little time to pay the money; I must sell my stud, or write to my only living relation from whom I have expectations.' You remember that relation—Jacques de Mauléon, old and unmarried. By De N——'s advice I did write to my kinsman. No answer came; but what did come were fresh bills from creditors. I then calmly calculated my assets. The sale of my stud and effects *might* suffice to pay every *sou* that I owed, including my debt to De N——; but that was not quite certain—at all events, when the debts were paid I should be beggared. Well, you know, Louvier, what we Frenchmen are: how Nature has denied to us the quality of patience; how involuntarily suicide presents itself to us when hope is lost—and suicide seemed to me here due to honor—viz., to the certain discharge of my liabilities—for the stud and effects of Victor de Mauléon, *roi des viveurs*, would command much higher prices if he died like Cato than if he ran away from his fate like Pompey. Doubtless De N—— guessed my intention from my words or my manner; but on the very day in which I had made all preparations for quitting the world from which sunshine had vanished I received in a blank envelope bank-notes amounting to 70,000 francs, and the postmark on the envelope was that of the town of Fontainebleau, near to which lived my rich kinsman Jacques. I took it for granted that the sum came from him. Displeased as he might have been with my wild career, still I was his natural heir. The sum sufficed to pay my debt to De N——, to all creditors, and leave a surplus. My sanguine spirits returned. I would sell my stud; I would retrench, reform, go to my kinsman as the penitent son. The fatted calf would be killed, and I should wear purple yet. You understand that, Louvier?"

"Yes, yes; so like you. Go on."

"Now, then, came the thunder-bolt. Ah! in those sunny days you used to envy me for being so spoiled by women. The Duchesse de —— had conceived for me one of those romantic fancies which women without children, and with ample leisure for the waste of affection, do sometimes conceive for very ordinary men younger than themselves, but in whom they imagine they discover sinners to reform or heroes to exalt. I had been honored by some notes from the Duchesse, in which this sort of romance was owned. I had not replied to them encouragingly. In truth, my heart was then devoted to another—the English girl whom I had wooed as my wife—who, despite her parents' retractation of their consent to our union when they learned how dilapidated were my fortunes, pledged herself to remain faithful to me, and wait for better days." Again De Mauléon paused in suppressed emotion, and then went on, hurriedly: "No, the Duchesse did not inspire me with guilty passion, but she did inspire me with an affectionate respect. I felt that she was by nature meant to be a great and noble creature, and was, nevertheless, at that moment wholly misled from her right place among women by an illusion of mere imagination about a man who happened then to be very much talked about, and perhaps resembled some Lothario in the novels which she was always reading. We lodged, as you may remember, in the same house."

"Yes, I remember. I remember how you once took me to a great ball given by the Duchesse; how handsome I thought her, though no longer young; and you say right—how I did envy you that night!"

"From that night, however, the Duc, not unnaturally, became jealous. He reproved the Duchesse for her too amiable manner toward a *mauvais sujet* like myself, and forbade her in future to receive my visits. It was then that these notes became frequent and clandestine, brought to me by her maid, who took back my somewhat chilling replies.

"But to proceed. In the flush of my high spirits, and in the insolence of magnificent ease with which I paid De N—— the trifle I owed him, something he said made my heart stand still. I told him that the money received had come from Jacques de Mauléon, and that I was going down to his house that day to thank him. He replied, 'Don't go; it did not come from him.' 'It must; see the postmark of the envelope—Fontainebleau.' 'I posted it at Fontainebleau.' 'You sent me the money—you!' 'Nay, that is beyond my means. Where it came from,' said this *misérable*, 'much more may yet come;' and then he narrated, with that cynicism so in vogue at Paris, how he had told the Duchesse (who knew him as my intimate associate) of my stress of circumstance, of his fear that I meditated something desperate; how she gave him the jewels to sell and to substitute; how, in order to baffle my suspicion and frustrate my scruples, he had gone to Fontainebleau, and there posted the envelope containing the bank-notes, out of which he secured for himself the payment he deemed otherwise imperiled. De N——, having

made this confession, hurried down the stairs swiftly enough to save himself a descent by the window. Do you believe me still?"

"Yes; you were always so hot-blooded, and De N—— so considerate of self, I believe you implicitly."

"Of course I did what any man would do—I wrote a hasty letter to the Duchesse, stating all my gratitude for an act of pure friendship so noble, urging also the reasons that rendered it impossible for a man of honor to profit by such an act. Unhappily, what had been sent was paid away ere I knew the facts, but I could not bear the thought of life till my debt to her was acquitted; in short, Louvier, conceive for yourself the sort of letter which I—which any honest man—would write under circumstances so cruel."

"H'm!" grunted Louvier.

"Something, however, in my letter, conjoined with what De N—— had told her as to my state of mind, alarmed this poor woman, who had deigned to take in me an interest so little deserved. Her reply, very agitated and incoherent, was brought to me by her maid, who had taken my letter, and by whom, as I before said, our correspondence had been of late carried on. In her reply she implored me to decide, to reflect on nothing till I had seen her; stated how the rest of her day was pre-engaged; and since to visit her openly had been made impossible by the Duc's interdict, inclosed the key to the private entrance to her rooms, by which I could gain an interview with her at ten o'clock that night, an hour at which the Duc had informed her he should be out till late at his club. Now, however great the indiscretion which the Duchesse here committed, it is due to her memory to say that I am convinced that her dominant idea was that I meditated self-destruction; that no time was to be lost to save me from it; and for the rest she trusted to the influence which a woman's tears and adjurations and reasonings have over even the strongest and hardest men. It is only one of those coxcombs in whom the world of fashion abounds who could have admitted a thought that would have done wrong to the impulsive, generous, imprudent eagerness of a woman to be in time to save from death by his own hand a fellow-being for whom she had conceived an interest. I so construed her note. At the hour she named I admitted myself into the rooms by the key she sent. You know the rest: I was discovered by the Duc and by the agents of police in the cabinet in which the Duchesse's jewels were kept. The key that admitted me into the cabinet was found in my possession."

De Mauléon's voice here faltered, and he covered his face with a convulsive hand. Almost in the same breath he recovered from visible sign of emotion, and went on, with a half laugh:

"Ah! you envied me, did you, for being spoiled by the women? Enviable position, indeed, was mine that night. The Duc obeyed the first impulse of his wrath. He imagined that I had dishonored him: he would dishonor me in return. Easier to his pride, too, a charge against the robber of jewels than against a favored lover of his wife. But when I, obeying the first necessary obligation of honor, invented on the spur of the moment the story by which the Duchesse's reputation was cleared from suspicion, accused myself of a frantic passion and the trickery of a fabricated key, the Duc's true nature of *gentilhomme* came back. He retracted the charge which he could scarcely even at the first blush have felt to be well founded; and as the sole charge left was simply that which men *comme il faut* do not refer to criminal courts and police investigations, I was left to make my bow unmolested, and retreat to my own rooms, awaiting there such communications as the Duc might deem it right to convey to me on the morrow.

"But on the morrow the Duc, with his wife and personal suit, quitted Paris *en route* for Spain; the bulk of his retinue, including the offending abigail, was discharged; and, whether through these servants or through the police, the story before evening was in the mouth of every gossip in club or *café*—exaggerated, distorted, to my ignominy and shame. My detection in the cabinet, the sale of the jewels, the substitution of paste by De N——, who was known to be my servile imitator, and reputed to be my abject tool, all my losses on the turf, my debts—all these scattered fibres of flax were twisted together in a rope that would have hanged a dog with a much better name than mine. If some disbelieved that I could be a thief, few of those who should have known me best held me guiltless of a baseness almost equal to that of theft—the exaction of profit from the love of a foolish woman."

"But you could have told your own tale, shown the letters you had received from the Duchesse, and cleared away every stain on your honor."

"How?—shown her letters, ruined her character, even stated that she had caused her jewels to be sold for the uses of a young *roué!* Ah, no, Louvier. I would rather have gone to the galleys!"

"H'm!" grunted Louvier again.

"The Duc generously gave me better means of righting myself. Three days after he quitted Paris I received a letter from him, very politely written, expressing his great regret that any words implying the suspicion too monstrous and absurd to need refutation should have escaped him in the surprise of the moment; but stating that since the offense I had owned was one that he could not overlook, he was under the necessity of asking the only reparation I could make. That if it 'deranged' me to quit Paris, he would return to it for the purpose required; but that if I would give him the additional satisfaction of suiting his convenience, he should prefer to await my arrival at Bayonne, where he was detained by the indisposition of the Duchesse."

"You have still that letter?" asked Louvier, quickly.

"Yes; with other more important documents constituting what I may call my *pièces justificatives*.

"I need not say that I replied, stating the time at which I should arrive at Bayonne, and the hotel at which I should await the Duc's command. Accordingly I set out that same day, gained the hotel named, dispatched to the Duc the announcement of my arrival, and was considering how I should obtain a second in some officer quartered in the town—for my soreness and resentment at the marked coldness of my former acquaintances at Paris had forbidden me to seek a second among any of that faithless number—when the Duc himself entered my room. Judge of my amaze at seeing him in person; judge how much greater the amaze became when he advanced, with a grave but cordial smile, offering me his hand!

"'M. de Mauléon,' said he, 'since I wrote to you, facts have become known to me which would induce me rather to ask your friendship than call on you to defend your life. Madame la Duchesse has been seriously ill since we left Paris, and I refrained from all explanations likely to add to the hysterical excitement under which she was suffering. It is only this day that her mind became collected, and she herself then gave me her entire confidence. Monsieur, she insisted on my reading the letters that you addressed to her. Those letters, monsieur, suffice to prove your innocence of any design against my peace. The Duchesse has so candidly avowed her own indiscretion, has so clearly established the distinction between indiscretion and guilt, that I have granted her my pardon with a lightened heart, and a firm belief that we shall be happier together than we have been yet.'

"The Duc continued his journey the next day, but he subsequently honored me with two or three letters, written as friend to friend, and in which you will find repeated the substance of what I have stated him to say by word of mouth."

"But why not then have returned to Paris? Such letters, at least, you might have shown, and in braving your calumniators you would have soon lived them down."

"You forget that I was a ruined man. When, by the sale of my horses, etc., my debts, including what was owed to the Duchesse, and which I remitted to the Duc, were discharged, the balance left to me would not have maintained me a week at Paris. Besides, I felt so sore, so indignant. Paris and the Parisians had become to me so hateful. And to crown all, that girl, that English girl whom I had so loved, on whose fidelity I had so counted—well, I received a letter from her, gently but coldly bidding me farewell forever. I do not think she believed me guilty of theft, but doubtless the offense I had confessed, in order to save the honor of the Duchesse, could but seem to her all-sufficient! Broken in spirit, bleeding at heart to the very core, still self-destruction was no longer to be thought of. I would not die till I could once more lift up my head as Victor de Mauléon."

"What then became of you, my poor Victor?"

"Ah! that is a tale too long for recital. I have played so many parts that I am puzzled to recognize my own identity with the Victor de Mauléon whose name I abandoned. I have been a soldier in Algeria, and won my cross on the field of battle—that cross and my colonel's letter are among my *pièces justificatives*. I have been a gold-digger in California, a speculator in New York, of late in callings obscure and humble. But in all my adventures, under whatever name, I have earned testimonials of probity, could manifestations of so vulgar a virtue be held of account by the enlightened people of Paris. I come now to a close. The Vicomte de Mauléon is about to reappear in Paris, and the first to whom he announces that sublime avatar is Paul Louvier. When settled in some modest apartment, I shall place in your hands my *pièces justificatives*. I shall ask you to summon my surviving relations or connections, among which are the Counts de Vandemar, Beauvilliers, De Passy, and the Marquis de Rochebriant, with any friends of your own who sway the opinions of the Great World. You will place my justification before them, expressing your own opinion that it suffices; in a word, you will give me the sanction of your countenance. For the rest, I trust to myself to propitiate the kindly and to silence the calumnious. I have spoken; what say you?"

"You overrate my power in society. Why not appeal yourself to your high-born relations?"

"No, Louvier; I have too well considered the case to alter my decision. It is through you, and you alone, that I shall approach my relations. My vindicator must be a man of whom the vulgar can not say, 'Oh, he is a relation—a fellow-noble: those aristocrats whitewash each other.' It must be an authority with the public at large—a *bourgeois*, a *millionnaire*, a *roi de la Bourse*. I choose you, and that ends the discussion."

Louvier could not help laughing good-humoredly at the *sang-froid* of the Vicomte. He was once more under the domination of a man who had for a time dominated all with whom he lived.

De Mauléon continued: "Your task will be easy enough. Society changes rapidly at Paris. Few persons now exist who have more than a vague recollection of the circumstances, which can be so easily explained to my complete vindication when the vindication comes from a man of your solid respectability and social influence. Besides, I have political objects in view. You are a Liberal; the Vandemars and Rochebriants are Legitimists. I prefer a godfather on the Liberal side. *Pardieu, mon ami*, why such coquettish hesitation? Said and done. Your hand on it."

"There is my hand, then. I will do all I can to help you."

"I know you will, old friend; and you do both kindly and wisely." Here De Mauléon cordially pressed the hand he held, and departed.

On gaining the street the Vicomte glided into a neighboring court-yard, in which he had left his *fiacre*, and bade the coachman drive toward the Boulevard Sebastopol. On the way he took from a small bag that he had left in the carriage the flaxen wig and pale whiskers which distinguished M. Lebeau, and mantled his elegant habiliments in an immense cloak, which he had also left in the *fiacre*. Arrived at the Boulevard Sebastopol, he drew up the collar of the cloak so as to conceal much of his face, stopped the driver, paid him quickly, and, bag in hand, hurried on to another stand of *fiacres* at a little distance, entered one, drove to the Faubourg Montmartre, dismissed the vehicle at the mouth of a street not far from M. Lebeau's office, and gained on foot the private side-door of the house, let himself in with his latch-key, entered the private room on the inner side of his office, locked the door, and proceeded leisurely to exchange the brilliant appearance which the Vicomte de Mauléon had borne on his visit to the *millionnaire* for the sober raiment and *bourgeois* air of M. Lebeau, the letter-writer.

Then after locking up his former costume in a drawer of his *secrétaire*, he sat himself down and wrote the following lines:

"Dear M. Georges,—I advise you strongly, from information that has just reached me, to lose no time in pressing M. Savarin to repay the sum I recommended you to lend him, and for which you hold his bill due this day. The scandal of legal measures against a writer so distinguished should be avoided if possible. He will avoid it and get the money somehow. But he must be urgently pressed. If you neglect this warning, my responsibility is past.—*Agréez mes sentimens les plus sincères.* J. L."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Traveling northeastward from New York for about five hundred miles, we find ourselves, early in April, in a brisk little village in the interior of Maine. Spring is left quite behind us, and stepping from the cars into an old-fashioned coach on runners, we become conscious of a wondrous depth of snow beneath us—snow to the right of us, snow to the left of us, snow in front, piled in fantastic mountain shapes. A strange muffled silence pervades the air as we are swiftly whisked away to warm and hospitable quarters. After a night's rest we look from our window. Literally buried in snow-drifts are the pretty residences which in summer are so picturesquely shaded by elm and maple trees. People walking by loom up in the air, the sidewalks, such as they are, being on a level with the tops of the fences, or even higher, and some dexterity is necessary to avoid entangling one's head among the leafless boughs of the trees. For five long months snow has enveloped this town in its heavy mantle of dazzling whiteness. One would suppose all activity must have been buried deeply in such impenetrable snow-banks. But not so. While we write our kind hostess brings for inspection our prospective dinner—a magnificent trout, nearly two feet long, which has just been sent in by a friend. This speckled beauty awakens so much interest that we inquire into its history, and learn that in company with scores of others it came from a lake seventy-five miles distant. A party of gentlemen from this village, in search of some amusement as a change from sleigh-riding and snow-balling, set out on a fishing excursion a short time ago. With strong horses and light "pungs," the four or five feet of snow on a level, and the rough untraveled roads, did not intimidate them, although one of the party, finding his horse persisted in rolling over into snow-banks, desperately turned homeward, regardless of the thirty miles already overcome. It was a tough jaunt, however, often being through lumbering districts, where were encamped the sturdy laborers of Maine, and where, if by chance they met a "team," it was necessary to jump from their sleighs and "tread" a place in which to "turn out."

On the route the party came to the settlement of Flagstaff, where Benedict Arnold, on his disastrous expedition through Maine to Canada in Revolutionary times, planted his flag-staff, which remained standing until a few years ago. Here also resides Miles Standish, a lineal descendant of the famous captain. In order to transmit from generation to generation the honored name, it has been the family custom for each eldest son to bestow the name of Miles upon *his* eldest son, and the present Miles Standish is of the eighth generation. But our travelers are hastening on while we delay at Flagstaff. After two and a half days of rough sleighing, and "footing it" six miles on snow-shoes, they reached the trout pond. Cutting some twenty or more holes in the ice was the first preparation for fishing, and the ice being a couple of feet in thickness, this required time, patience, and chisels. But when all was ready the sport went on briskly, to the personal injury of numberless trout. The amount of exercise taken by this party during their six days' stay in traveling to and from the pond on snow-shoes has not been estimated. But the story of the trip revealed to us one of the ways by which the snow-surrounded denizens of Maine contrived to while away a portion of their six months' winter. We say six months; yet it requires faith to believe that even four weeks will bring bare ground to view. But they tell us the snow disappears miraculously under an April sun, and the earth, kept warm by its thick, fleecy blanket through winter's frosts, is speedily ready for plow and seed. So Maine farmers are not so much behind the rest of the country as might be supposed while viewing the huge snow-banks that are lingering in the lap of spring.

It foreshadows a wholesome reform when a New York justice, in sentencing two criminals to State-prison for fifteen years, asserts that "he shall not pay the slightest attention to any plea of intoxication." Pleas of intoxication and insanity, let us hope, have had their day.

A Springfield paper informs us that not long since a Representative in the Massachusetts House of Representatives in the course of a speech had occasion to refer to a passage of Scripture, and that it might be clear to members unfamiliar with the work that he was not garbling or misquoting, he requested that the clerk might read the passage. The clerk bustled about, but could find no Bible. The desks and shelves were rummaged in vain. Pages were sent in every direction, and finally one of them returned with a borrowed Bible, and the passage was read.

Connecticut contributes to the enlightenment of Japan by sending her seven hundred cases of Yankee clocks. No ground for excuse now if the Japanese are behind time.

The Boston bookseller who recently received an order from the country for "3 Shawl-Straps," and obligingly went out and bought the leathern traveling appliances, should make himself better acquainted with current literature. Miss Alcott has reason to be offended.

Racing will be one of the features of the Vienna Exhibition. There is to be a trotting race in single harness, one in double harness, a hackney-coach race, a steeple-chase, and a race for countrymen, who are to ride without saddles.

The *British Medical Journal* calls attention to the increasing use of poisonous coloring matters in trade. In Breslau Dr. Hirt visited various establishments, and found that arsenic was used not only in painting over sugar-plums, but also in green paper employed for wrapping articles of food, for covering toys, for lamp-shades, and in the paints in children's paint boxes. Lead was also found in similar articles. A brick-colored paper containing red-lead is very extensively used for packing chocolate cakes and bonbons. The sugar in the bonbons has a tendency to unite with the lead, and the wrapping-paper being soft, there can be no doubt that the bonbons become impregnated with the poison.

A French writer informs us that "the seasons in London are equally divided—there are four months of winter, four of fog, and four of rain."

Colorado is said by a physician of Denver to be largely populated by reconstructed invalids. For many classes of patients the atmosphere of Colorado is a wonderful panacea. Consumptives, dyspeptics, those afflicted with asthma and bronchitis, find a residence in Colorado a permanent benefit.

Pickles, according to Dr. Hall, are good for those who crave them. He reasons that often the system needs an acid—that acids promote the secretion of bile, and that when a person craves something sour it is nature calling for a remedy for fever, or biliousness, or indigestion. It is the vinegar that does the good. Therefore it is necessary that pickles should be made of pure vegetable vinegar.

The part of Vienna in which the Exhibition will be held is called the Prater. It is a kind of park, intersected with drives through groves of trees and over lawns. In the summer season the Prater is one of the most lovely spots in Europe. The river Danube is within a mile or two of the Exhibition, but its most glorious scenery is some miles distant from the city. The stream which runs through Vienna, and is crossed by handsome bridges, is a canal cut from the Danube. By the side of the road through the Prater approaching the Exhibition there is a great number of buildings just erected by speculators as places of entertainment and amusement for visitors. These already give an air of bustle and gayety to the scene, though they are in an incomplete condition. A stranger might, at first sight, imagine that they belonged to the Exhibition itself. Vienna is said by residents to be the most expensive city in Europe, and every body seems to expect that prices will rise enormously during the approaching summer. Competition, however, will regulate charges. The Exhibition building covers, with the grounds, no less than four square English miles. The central dome is 300 feet in diameter and 250 feet high. The interior decoration of the building is extremely rich and pleasing.

Law does not seem to count for much in this country. A man was arrested in this city, a short time ago, for forcing a wretchedly sick and crippled horse to work. The owner, being brought into court, did not deny his guilt, but laughingly said he wanted a couple of days' more work out of the creature, and then he intended to send him to the bone-yard. He was fined *one dollar*. Mark the different dispensation of justice in England. A Surrey farm bailiff having cruelly beaten his horse, the court refused to fine, but sentenced him, on each count, to six weeks' imprisonment with hard labor.

According to the *Army Register* for the present year, there are 2132 officers on the active list in the United States army. Of these less than one-third are graduates of West Point.

Sunlight is a powerful remedial agent. Invalids should be in sunny rooms, with cheerful surroundings and plenty of fresh air.

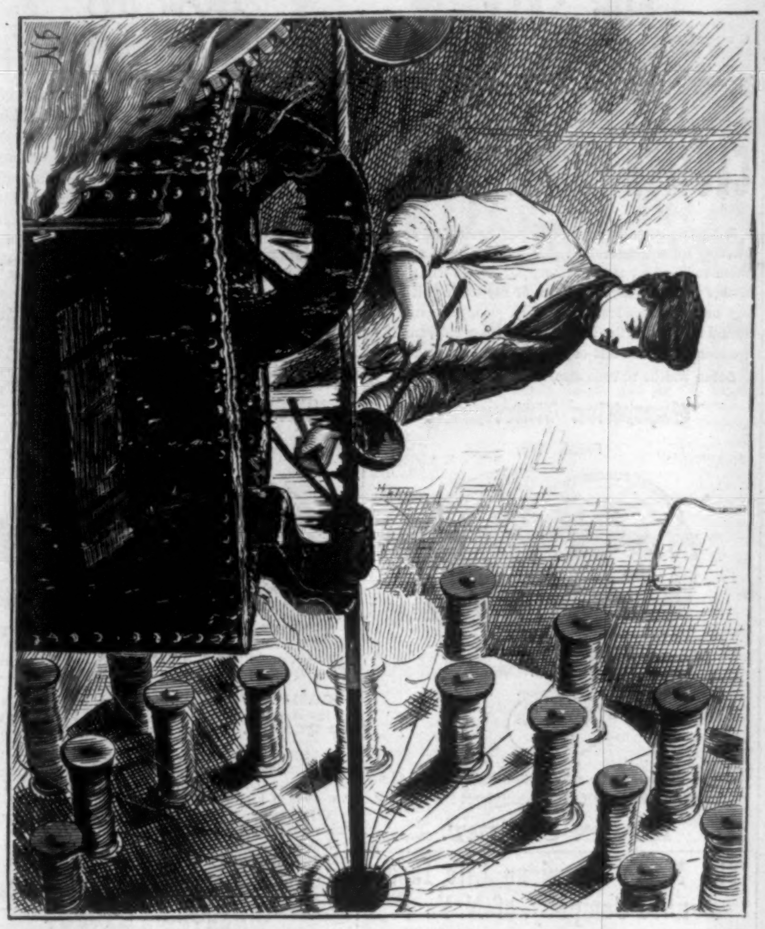
During the year 1872 there were 6573 interments in Greenwood Cemetery. The whole number of interments in that cemetery are 161,376, according to the last annual report. Twenty-nine lots were sold last year, and previously 20,660 lots had been sold.

Along the coast of Brittany there has long been found and gathered a sea-weed called vareck, or sea-wrack. In France it is used for stuffing mattresses, and it is also burned for the sake of the iodine and soda which it contains. Attention has been recently drawn to enormous quantities of this weed which are found in the neighborhood of the Gulf Stream, forming what looks like an immense prairie in the midst of ocean. This field of vareck covers an area nearly equal to the whole of France. It is believed that this weed might be utilized for agricultural and industrial purposes to a very great extent. It might be gathered, and carried to various countries in compressed bundles, or vessels might take to the spot the necessary apparatus to burn it, and obtain the soda and iodine it contains.

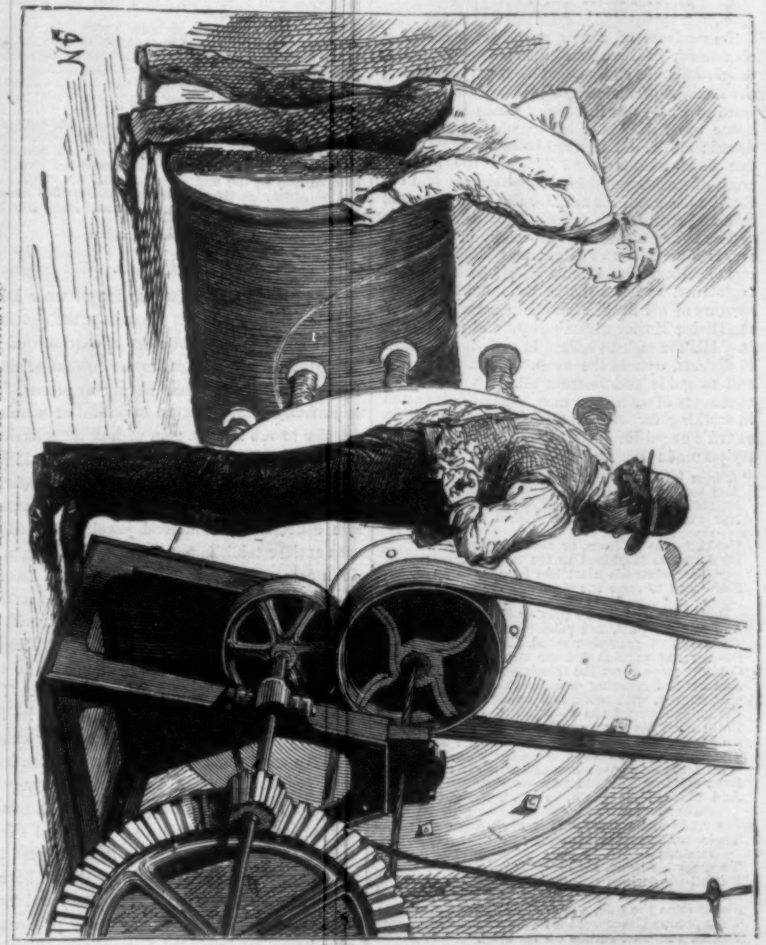
A Dublin barber was one day waited upon by a young gentleman, who desired to know the lowest terms per week upon which he could be kept "in order." A moderate sum was named, and a bargain concluded. The new customer appeared every day for a "shave," with frequent additions of hair-cutting and shampooing. The barber marveled at the rapidity with which the young man's hair and beard grew. At length the mystery was solved. One day "two of him" came into the shop at the same time, revealing that the original customer had a twin brother so exactly like him that one bargain served for both.

OUR NEW PREACHER.—Drawn by R. W. Brooke.—[See Page 326.]

LIFE IN THE CLOISTER.—[See Page 326.]



COVERING THE CABLE WITH JUTE AND TAR.



COATING THE ELECTRIC CORE WITH JUTE.

OCEAN TELEGRAPH CABLES.

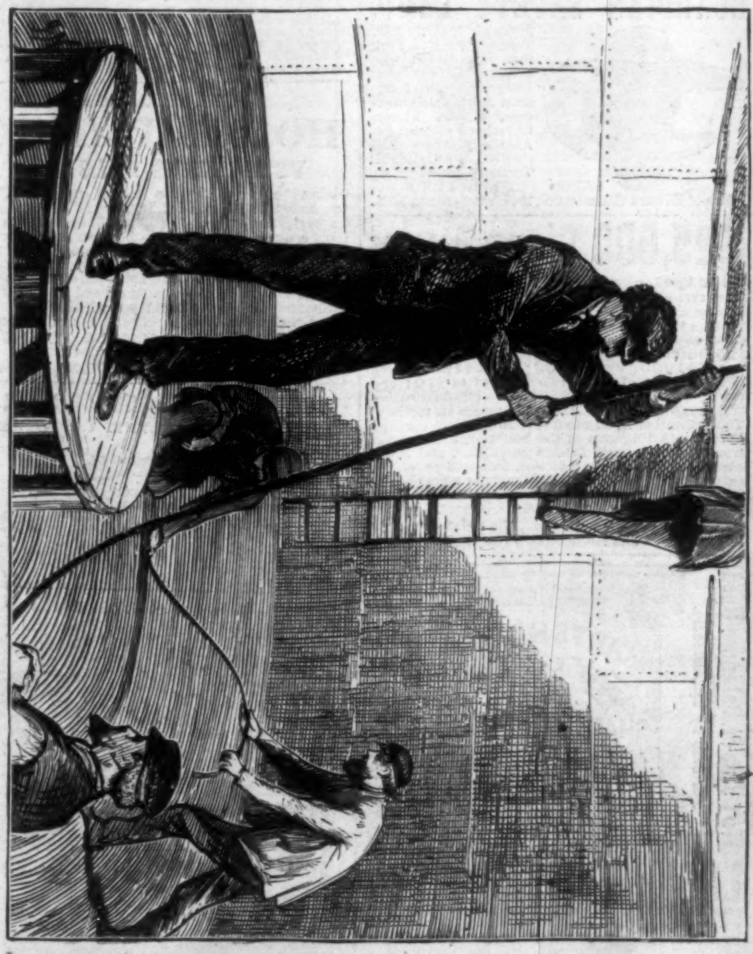
The process of manufacturing a submarine telegraph cable is a work requiring the most skillful and delicate manipulation, and the employment of complicated and ingenious machinery. The slightest carelessness may result in a flaw or weakness which may render the cable useless after a few months' service, and render necessary the expensive and often tedious process of fishing it up for repairs.

The engravings on this page are from sketches made at one of the most extensive manufactories of submarine cables in England, known as "Hooper's Telegraph-Works," where cables nearly 5000 miles in length are now in process of manufacture for the Great Western Telegraph Company. These cables, originally intended to be laid across the Atlantic, will be submerged along the coast of South America, in connection with a line to be laid from Lisbon to the Brazils. The "core," or conducting portion of these cables, consists of a strand of seven copper wires covered with India rubber under "Hooper's" patent process, and further served with a coating of jute yarn, while the sheathing, or outer protection, is, for the "deep-sea" cable, formed of homogeneous iron wires covered with Manilla yarn. The "intermediate" and "shore-end" cables are formed of the core coated with jute, as already described, and covered with iron wire of sufficient size and weight to prevent the possibility of accident from ships' anchors, or otherwise. The third engraving represents the covering of the "intermediate" cable with jute, and a preservative compound of tar, etc. The fourth engraving shows the method of coiling the completed cable in the tank. This is a process requiring extreme care, to prevent kinking and consequent flaws in the core.

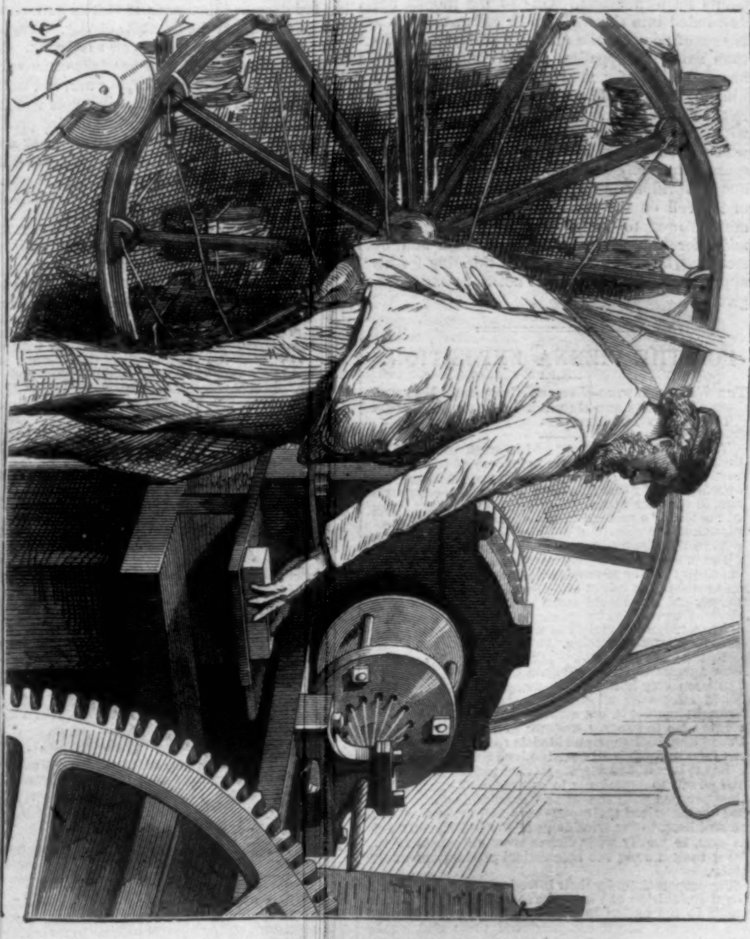
For the purpose of laying these cables a special steam-ship is to be built for the company, and fitted up with the most approved appliances for laying and picking up submarine cables. This vessel, which is the first one ever constructed especially for this service, will, in addition to the ordinary propelling screw, be fitted with a transverse screw, or propeller, designed to give extreme facility in manœuvring, especially in stormy weather, when the motion of the ship renders the cable liable to breakage, owing to the heavy strain in paying out. New machinery has also been devised, which it is thought will greatly facilitate this part of the work, and so regulate the running out of the cable as to make the strain even and uniform in the most boisterous weather. Scientific experts who have watched the manufacture of this cable state that it is the best and strongest ever made for submarine service.

Many of our readers will remember the interest, mingled with incredulity, with which the manufacture of the first Atlantic cable was watched, with what anxiety the whole world waited for the first message flashed over the wires along the bed of the ocean, and with what a grand outburst of rejoicing the success of the undertaking was hailed in Europe and America. It was the talk and wonder of the civilized world. Less enthusiasm greeted the laying of the second cable; and even the magnificent achievement of finding, picking up, and repairing the broken cable was regarded as almost a matter of course. And now ocean telegraphs have become so common as to excite little more curiosity than the building of a land line. So soon do wonders cease to be wonders. Who can tell how soon we shall see the problem of aerial navigation solved, and the daily arrival and departure of atmospheric ships excite no more remark than the ascension of an anchored balloon in Central Park?

The impracticable Ruskin is perhaps the only man in the world who regards the telegraph as an invention of the powers of darkness. He would do away with it altogether, as well as with railroads and every other means of rapid communication and travel. The world at large believes in progress, and that every thing which tends to make nations better acquainted, to blend their interests, and to improve their condition, will hasten the time when war shall be no more, but peace shall reign throughout the prosperous and happy world.



COILING DOWN THE CABLE IN THE TANK.



COVERING THE CORE WITH WIRE.

THE NEW PREACHER.

THE advent of a new preacher in a village community is always an important event to the people under his charge, and his first visits among the families of his congregation are looked forward to with great interest. When he enters a house the family is called together to be introduced; all the children are brought to him, as in our illustration on page 324, for the friendly word of greeting and kind admonition; and before he leaves all are made to feel that they shall love and trust him.

The life of a preacher, especially in the country, is always one of labor, and almost always one of self-sacrifice to others. If faithful to his high trust, he bears the burdens and shares the sorrows of his flock, after the great example of the Divine Master whose servant and follower he is. His the task to relieve in suffering, comfort in distress, uphold the weak, reclaim the erring, and to guide and instruct all. To how many thousands of such good men, whose life is passed in working for others, may be applied GOLDSMITH's exquisite description of a faithful country pastor in *The Deserted Village:*

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
* * * * * * *
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain. by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile:
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

CLOISTER LIFE.

IN traveling through Europe one can hardly fail to be struck with the sagacity displayed by the monks of olden time in the choice of sites for their monasteries. They not only showed a good eye for natural scenery, but a disposition to secure those creature comforts to which they were supposed to bid farewell when they retired from the world. Wherever a monastery is seen it may be taken for granted that game is abundant in the vicinity, that the fishing is excellent, and the vineyards productive. About the last the monks were especially solicitous, and to this day they have not lost the taste. The best vintages of Europe are stored away in the wine-cellars of cloisters, and it is not to be supposed that such good judges of the "red blood of the lusty vine" keep strictly to the ideal monkish regimen of

"A cruse of water and an ear of corn."

The lower illustration on page 324, engraved from a painting by a German artist of some distinction, gives an incident of cloister life which points its own moral. One of the monks has descended into the well-stored cellar to fetch a basket of wine for the dinner. Delaying longer than suits the appetites of his companions, he has been sent for, and the messenger, finding him in the attitude depicted by the artist, has fetched the father superior to take a look at him with his own eyes. From the severity with which the superior surveys the culprit over his spectacles it may easily be surmised that the delinquent will atone for his offense in the solitude of his cell on the most meagre fare that ever monk vowed to keep. No more *Liebfrauenmilch* for him who would drink alone and by stealth, while his brethren were thirsting for his appearance. That offense is not to be easily forgiven.

FOR THE VIENNA EXPOSITION.

THE WILSON SEWING-MACHINE COMPANY'S MAGNIFICENT MACHINES AND MACHINE WORK ON EXHIBITION TO-DAY AND TO-NIGHT.

To excel in improvement and in work produced by their machine, has ever been the motto of the Wilson Sewing-Machine Company. Their career, from the opening of their first office and works in the city, years ago, to the present time, has been in the fullest sense of the term "a success," and the development of their plans and the growth of their business without a parallel in the history of Sewing-Machines. This is the direct result of the herculean efforts put forth by the managers for the advancement of their object, until it has reached the height of perfection in point of mechanism, and is rendered useful in all hands by the wonderful simplicity of its construction and its adaptability to a range and variety of work attempted with success by no other machine.

In the few years just past, the opposition brought to bear against the "New Wilson Under-Feed Machine" has been very hard, and in many instances the combined efforts of all the older machines have been brought against it, but without effect, and without exception, as the scores, and, we may say, hundreds of Premiums, Diplomas, and Medals received at the different fairs and trials all over the land fully demonstrate.

But this is not enough. Having proved their ability and power to Americans to overcome all competitors, they proceed with the same indomitable spirit which has characterized their every step and made them successful here, to the tried fields of the Old World, there, as here, to justify their claims over all others to the front rank among the mechanical productions of the globe.

The preparations for their introduction at the World's Great Exhibition at Vienna have been such as will do credit to the nation in whose name they are sent, to the Company which has produced them and whose name they commemorate, as well as the instructive workmen who have contributed their commendable skill to the result.

The samples of work embrace every thing which tend to show the power of their machine and its adaptation to all uses—harness and saddle work, ladies' fine embroidering, braiding, cording, tucking, quilting, felling, and innumerable other kinds and varieties of work for which their machines are so admirably adapted.

The machines and their work are on exhibition to-day and till 10 o'clock this P.M., at the Company's elegant place on Superior Street, corner of Bond, where all are invited to view and inspect them. On Saturday they will be started on their way across the seas, for competition in the world's arena, and the result can not be otherwise there than here—the verdict unanimous in favor of the Wilson.—*Cleveland Daily Herald.*

DIAMONDS.

As in modern times we no longer wear Diamonds as amulets, but as ornaments, the question how Diamonds should be set is only second in importance for Diamond buyers to that of their intrinsic worth and their beauty as stones. It is perfectly possible for an unskillful or tasteless jeweler to rob a noble gem of half its splendor; and equally possible for a tasteful and skillful jeweler to double the splendor of an inferior stone. One of the special merits of the extensive collection of Diamond jewelry now to be seen at the establishment of STARR & MARCUS, 22 John Street (up stairs), is the care and knowledge displayed in properly adjusting the setting of particular stones to their particular merits or demerits. The Diamond has often been likened to a woman; and the jeweler should be to the Diamond what the milliner is to the belle. The Diamond must be properly "dressed" if its full effect is to be produced. If the stone, for example, be a trifle "off color," and yet, as often happens, peculiarly brilliant and lustrous, it may be so set as to blanch it in appearance while retaining all its flashing radiance. If several stones are to be arrayed in a cross, it is of great importance to the effect that they should be balanced and paired with artistic accuracy and taste. A small and large stone of equally pure water may be so set in rings or in solitaires that the smaller shall outvie the larger in beauty and effectiveness. Examples of unskillfulness in this handling of the finest of gems stare us in the face daily in shop windows, and nightly at places of public entertainment. They are a discredit to the jewelers art, undoubtedly; but, in the eyes of all connoisseurs, they equally discredit the wearers, who are convicted by them of buying Diamonds not as an intelligent matter of taste, but in a mere spirit of vanity and ostentation.—[*Com.*]

VIENNA EXPOSITION.

IT is doubtful if, among all the innumerable displays exposed to the eyes of the world at the coming Vienna Exposition, there will be one more attractive than that which Mr. EDWIN C. BURT, Ladies' Shoe Manufacturer, of New York, intends to contribute. He has prepared a case of Ladies' Boots, which, for elegance of design, elaborate stitching, and perfection of workmanship, have probably never been approached. These goods have been on exhibition at his salesrooms during the last few days, and thousands of visitors have testified their admiration at the exquisite display. They were all made in the same manner as his usual work. Some are elaborately stitched with tastefully-conceived designs; others of mosaic, or inlaid work, and most of them artistically trimmed with bows, gold and silver cords and tassels. Mr. BURT received the first premium at the Paris Exposition in 1867, and the present case of goods so far surpasses the one then offered that there can be hardly a doubt of the success of his present undertaking.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A MAN has no right to permit either himself or his friends to suffer the torture of the wretched Metal Trusses. The New Elastic Truss cures Hernia in a few weeks. It is worn night and day with comfort. It retains the rupture absolutely secure at all times *without any exception.* Sold cheap, and very durable. It is sent by mail every where by The Elastic Truss Co., No. 683 Broadway, N. Y. City, who send Circulars free on application.

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It having come to my notice that some dealers are offering for sale inferior grades of Shoes, representing them to be of my manufacture, purchasers will please notice that hereafter all Shoes of my make will have my name stamped on the lining, also, fac-simile of medal received at the PARIS Exposition, 1867, and the trade-mark on the sole of each Shoe.

Seven widths to each size, insuring a perfect fit.

Exposition Universelle.
PARIS, 1867.

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Would like to make engagements with intelligent, trustworthy, and active men throughout the country, to act as agents for the Company. Its special feature is the Registry System originated by this Company, and now practiced under the general laws of the State of New York. It has also adopted the Tontine Plan, which, used with the Registry System, makes a strong and attractive feature.
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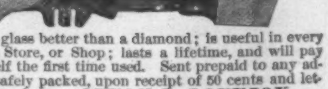

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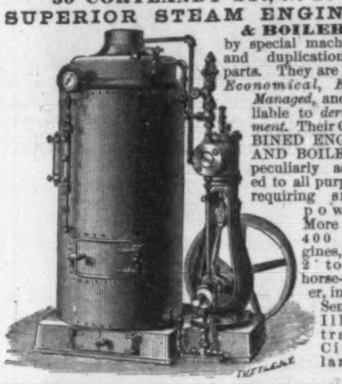

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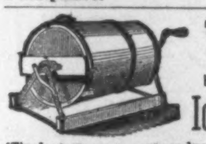

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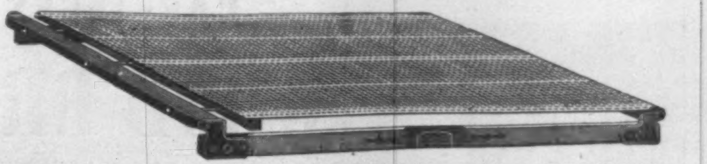

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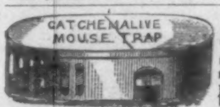

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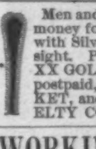

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THE ROMAN FORUM BY MOONLIGHT.

THE FORUM BY MOONLIGHT.

THE Roman Forum has long been an abundant field of research for classical archæologists, who for four hundred years debated the exact site occupied by the huge market-place of the ancient Romans. The excavations which of late years have been so energetically carried on have shed much light on the subject, and many have been the valuable archæological treasures thus unearthed. Quite recently the excavators came upon a huge pedestal, which, on examination, proved to be none other than the base of the colossal statue of DOMITIAN, which, according to STATIUS, stood in the centre of the Forum. From the discovery of this pedestal, no further doubt remains either as to the direction in which the Forum lay, or as to the names which have been given by the leading Italian, English, and German archæologists to the buildings which surround it. Behind the pedestal stand the remains of the temples of VESPASIAN and of Concord, and immediately in front of it the platform on which once stood the temple of the deified JULIUS. On the right side are the remains of a gigantic basilica, the Basilica Julia; and on the left there can be no doubt that the continuation of the excavations will, at a more or less equal distance, reveal the remains of the Basilica Æmilia. Finally, the face of a statue occupying this pedestal, being turned a little to the right, would look directly toward the Imperial Palace and the Temple of Vesta, the remains of which are now covered by the Church of Sta. Maria Liberatrice. This discovery will also serve as a finger-post, to point to the places where so many buildings of archæological and historical interest must have stood.

TRAVELING IN EGYPT.

THE romance of travel in Egypt is fast disappearing. A new bridge has been recently built by the Khedive over the Nile, so that travelers can now go direct in carriages from their hotel to the Pyramids, without being obliged, as formerly, to cross the river in boats, and finish the excursion on camels or donkeys. The old "dahabeah," or Nile boat, is giving way to the comparatively luxurious Nile steamer; and the charms of that dreamy epicurean life, floating up and down the great river, will soon become a memory of the past. No more encampments beneath the myriad stars and the wondrous sky of an Egyptian night, amidst the labyrinth of pillars, obelisks, and fallen temples of Luxor or Karnak. Instead of, as heretofore, passing the night on land under a tent, the traveler now sleeps in his comfortable berth on board the Khedive's steamer, and "does" the Nile in three weeks instead of three months, as in the palmy days of the dahabeahs. During the winter of 1871, before the steamers began to ply, the price asked for a first-class boat was from £90 to £120 a month, for three or four months, while now the voyage—585 miles—from Cairo to Philæ, a few miles above the first cataract, and back again, can be

made at a cost of £14, including steamer, living, guides, and all other necessary expenses. Of course those who have plenty of time and money at their disposal can have no difficulty in obtaining dahabeahs, if they prefer that mode of locomotion; but to such as are limited in these respects, the steamers will be found more convenient. The latter are small, carrying from fourteen to seventeen passengers, and stop at all the places worth seeing between Cairo and the first cataract; viz., Beni-Swaif, Minyeh, Beni-Hassan, Syout, Girgeh, Keneh, Luxor, Karnak, Esneh, Edfou, Koam-Embou, and Assuan. A day and a half is spent at Assuan and Philæ, and three days at Luxor and Karnak.

TOLD BY A COMPRADOR.

I SIMPLY tell it to you just as my old comprador told it to me—no comment of mine could explain it, therefore I offer none—but I can no more give you the story in the peculiar "Pigeon English" he spoke (and which is so well understood by residents in the Celestial Empire) than I can give you the expression of calm credulity with which he told it to me. It was a magnificent night, and his grave, monotonous voice made for me a soothing accompaniment to the whizzing of the thousands of insects which hovered about us. Carefully arranging his opium pipe, and looking dreamily along the glistening waters, he began:

The time and place suggest to me an extraordinary adventure which happened to me about forty years ago. It was at the time when the "Fanqui" (the name universally applied to foreigners in China) at Canton were offering enormous prices for silk, and I fancied I could see before me a prospect of making handsome profits by personally purchasing the material on the borders of the province Szechuen, and bringing it back to Canton earlier than any others who might have been struck with the same idea. I provided myself with a Fanqui map, and pored over it long and anxiously; being rewarded at last by finding that I could take a creek to the west some hundreds of "li" on my direct way, and so cut off at least one-third of my journey, and gain a valuable advantage over other travelers. I journeyed on, day after day, by the creeks, and at last reached the spot where I must turn westward for the new route. The junction of the creeks was at a village, and I lingered there for hours, seeking from the natives information about the way I intended to take. But, to my great astonishment, they only stared blankly at me as I questioned them, and showed not only utter ignorance of the course of the western creek, but a certain dread of even mentioning it, which, nevertheless, no one explained or even seemed to understand.

But as I felt a thorough confidence in the correctness of my map, and as so much depended on dispatch, I did not hesitate to proceed along the unknown creek. As I rowed on I could not help remarking the desolate appearance of the flat, bare country through which I passed. No birds sang as they had sung to me through all the past days of the journey, and (which was more startling still in a country where one never misses them) no insects fluttered about me with their ceaseless and often intolerable noise. One early dawn, in this heavy and oppressive stillness—a stillness which was not rest, but utter stagnation—I saw a great and beautiful city lying before me in the mists. Still none of the sounds of a great city met me as I approached it; over it, as over the whole country, lay that silence which was oppression, and the air seemed to come from a hot furnace. A crowd of war junks, sampans, and tankas covered the water, but I could see no sign of life within them as I rowed up to the chain barrier which crossed the river. It was closed and locked. No sentinel challenged me, and after waiting in vain for an answer to my summons, I tried to force it. No guards or customs officers came forward to question me, and this, of course, was peculiarly strange in a country where imposts are levied with rapacity. Having with great labor broken the padlock from the mouldy post, I passed on, rowing among and between the empty rotting sampans we had seen, and reached the water-gate, over which a heavy crimson silk flag hung motionless upon its staff. Here again no human being met me, no one greeted or challenged me; and this barrier I found thoroughly impassable. Again and again I hailed the ramparts, meeting with no reply or sign of life. Louder and louder I hammered at the gates, without seeming to make myself heard, until at last a head was slowly raised above the wall. The face I met as I looked up had an odd expression upon it, which I could not understand. It was apparently the face of a man not more than twenty years of age, yet in every other sense it was an old and tired face—old with a weird agedness, tired with a total absence of hope or energy. I told my errand, requesting that the gate might be opened to me; but I received no word in reply, and the face disappeared behind the ramparts again. Some little time afterward the massive gates were slowly opened to me by an old mandarin, who surveyed me in a sort of scared surprise as I passed in and landed among a crowd of silent watchers. I was conducted at once to the guard-house, and there questioned slowly. But my answers were by no means fluent or easy, for I felt strangely awed by all I saw: the still, grave forms around me, the expression of scared incredulity on every face, young and old alike, the dismal silent reception I had met with, the heavy, oppressive stagnation of the air, and the indefinable unfamiliarity which struck me in all things. As I slowly answered the questions put to me, the old mandarin, who was my chief interrogator, grew more and more excited—or, I might rather say, less and less apathetic—and others, one by one, joined him in his questioning, until the faces, on all of which rested that weird look of age without its symbols, crowded together around me, drawing nearer and nearer to mine in ghastly eagerness, as I answered them that the emperor was well, and holding his court then in Pekin.

"Did they know so little of the proceedings of our emperor, Taon-Kwang, and of his capital, Pekin?" I asked, wondering.

There ran an exclamation through the crowd. "Where was Pekin? Who was Taon-Kwang?"

"Our emperor, of course," I said, "and Pekin our capital." And I looked round, feeling that a great city such as this—a royal city evidently—could not possibly be in ignorance of such national facts, and wondering how it could seem to be so.

"Where, then, was the Emperor —— and his capital of ——?"

I began involuntarily to laugh as I recollected that that emperor's name belonged to a time about one thousand years before, and that that capital was never even heard of now. But the laugh died suddenly, for it sounded most strangely out of place amidst this odd assembly, whose laughter seemed to have been hushed forever by some great stillness that hung above them, and I answered as I had answered before. They only echoed those two words, "Pekin" and "Taon-Kwang!" The incredulous exclamation grew to fear, then horror. The white faces turned whiter, the eager surprise upon them grew to a terrible enlightenment. The cluster of listening figures were silent and motionless now, as if a breath had struck them into stone, and there was no movement, until the old mandarin who had first addressed me sat down and hid his face. Then they all followed his example, one after another, and I was left standing in their midst, speechless with bewilderment. Impatient at last, I asked to be taken from the guard-house, and then the old man addressed me again, in a troubled, trembling voice.

"Stranger, is all that you have just told us *true?*"

After I had assured him that undoubtedly it was so, he signed to the people with his hand, and they went out, and left us two alone in the guard-house.

"Before we lead you to the palace," he said, "I have a story to tell you of our city. Listen, stranger: I will make it short, for it is horrible for all of us.

"While the great emperor of whom we inquired of you was holding his court in his winter-palace of Yen-gan-foo he met the Tartar maiden Song-fing, and, struck by her wondrous beauty, determined to make her his wife. The day for the imperial marriage was fixed upon, and all the grandees of the empire were summoned to court, among them, of course, our master, Tong-ko-lin-sing, viceroy of this province and the emperor's only son. He repaired at once to the capital, where was nothing but feasting and rejoicing. In the very first hour of his arrival he saw a fair and beautiful maiden sitting alone under the magnolia-trees in the palace garden. So lovely she was, as well as so solitary and so dejected, that his heart went out to meet her and to cheer her; and only a few minutes had they loitered together in the fragrant shade when he felt that he loved her, and that before his return to his own province he must win her for his bride.

"But ah! this was the Tartar maiden Song-fing, who was betrothed to the emperor, and Tong-ko-lin-sing little guessed what he was doing until it was too late to stop—until he loved her so passionately that neither his fear nor his affection for his father could stop him. They had many stolen interviews, in which their vows of love were repeated, and many secret meetings, in which their plans of escape were perfected; and when the day fixed for the royal wedding dawned, they two were missing from the court—they two, the most important of the assembled guests: the only two whom the poor old emperor loved.

"Traveling rapidly, Tong-ko-lin-sing brought his beautiful young bride at once to this his own city, and married her with almost as much state as his imperial father would have done. But no foreign guests collected here to celebrate the festival. The city gates were closed, and the ramparts manned. We knew how keen and fierce the emperor's wrath would be. We knew how he would hurl it over his son's dominions. We knew what restitution he would demand, and what vengeance he would pursue; and within the barriers we waited in dread expectation. The demand soon came from the emperor in threatening terms—the restitution of his bride and the surrender of his son's person, as well as the forfeiture of his territories.

"The city was in a state of rigorous defense; Tong-ko-lin-sing's army was loyal to a man; and so he at once hoisted the crimson flag of rebellion, sent back his defiance, and waited for the besieging army. Then came the emperor's anathema—the father's dreadful curse upon his only son, his son's wife, the viceregal city, and every subject within its walls: a curse sworn by the names we hold most sacred and most powerful.

"So, garrisoned and defiant, we awaited the royal armies—waited and watched until the watching grew painful and wearisome—but nothing broke it until your summons at our gates to-day. The flight of time has been unnoticed by us. No record of passing events has been taken. We have only been expecting the attack of our wronged and angry emperor. The prince occupies himself in his inner palace, and seems to heed nothing but the thought that soon his wife and his dominions may be snatched from him, and he himself taken a prisoner to the capital. They are together always, as they have been since we opened the gates to them on that night which you say is nearly ten hundred years ago. There have been no births, no deaths, no marriages among us since; no joy, no sorrow. Every thing has been still in silence and suspense; still with a heavy, passionless stagnation. Every morning we have been prepared for a siege, and every night has found us waiting unchallenged at our posts; and never once until to-day has any one even attempted to enter our garrisoned city. Stranger, can it be that this fearful curse has been in operation almost a thousand years?"

I could not answer, for my mind was bewildered by this story; and I was bitterly regretting that I had ever ventured down that deserted creek. But when the old mandarin entreated me, in a low, excited tone, to go with him to the prince, I roused myself and followed in his footsteps. In a gorgeous outer room of the palace he left me, walking on himself past the guards, who stood at their posts like statues, and through the groups of attendants, who moved listlessly about their duties. I had had time to remark every thing about the room, when a dreadful cry from an inner apartment rent the stifling, heavy air. To me, in spite of its tone of long-suppressed anguish, it was a relief, and I went on at once into the prince's presence, following the attendants and guards, who all rushed forward in a sudden panic.

I never can adequately describe the scene that was before me when I entered the gorgeous inner palace. Prince Tong-ko-lin-sing, a tall, martial-looking man, in the prime of youth, yet with that same nameless look of age upon his face which I had noticed on all the other faces, was leaning over a table, intently studying a long paper closely covered with writing still uneffaced and bright, though the date under the imperial seal showed that it had been written more than nine hundred years. On a cushion at the prince's feet half lay, half knelt, his beautiful young wife, looking up into his face in vague bewilderment. Her dress was just the dress of the present day, for our fashions, as you know, do not change even through hundreds of years. The loose sleeves of her tunic—sky blue satin embroidered richly with gold dragons—fell over her clasped hands, the swan's-down which edged them not whiter than her trembling fingers, and the large jewels glistening in her hair not more restless than her eager, frightened eyes.

The attendants had lost their listlessness now, the unmoved faces of the guards had assumed a sharp, keen curiosity, and the old mandarin, standing at the prince's side, was eager enough as he pointed with a shaking hand to the date upon the emperor's letter. As I looked I knew that the full horror of their situation had broken upon them all. They had discovered, with a dreadful shock, the number of years they had been living under this curse, while he who had uttered it had been dead. I had brought them the first tidings from the busy, living world without, I had excited new feelings and sensations among them, and opened their eyes to the mystery which had so long enshrouded them. Perhaps now the spell which had hung for a thousand years upon the city might be removed. I waited breathlessly to see.

"HE POINTED WITH A SHAKING HAND TO THE DATE."

The guards leaned forward on their weapons, listening eagerly for a word to break the silence. The attendants hovered about the prince in speechless excitement. The princess still knelt and looked with a startled, loving glance into her husband's face. The maidens who surrounded her drew closer together, a piteous inquiry in their gaze. The old mandarin, breathing heavily, still held his tremulous finger on the date upon the emperor's anathema. The prince bent over the writing, with his brows knit in deep bewilderment. I stood watching the whole terrible yet beautiful scene.

Swiftly, noiselessly, suddenly, the change came. The shields and weapons dropped from the walls, falling without a sound upon the marble floor. The figures, in their rich, bright dresses, crumbled into dust as they stood or sat in their expectant, waiting attitudes. The palace fell around me softly, silently: fell and left me standing unhurt upon its old foundation.

Shading my eyes from the terrible sight of magnificent buildings falling about me without a crash, I hurried through the decaying streets, and entered my own boat again. As I did so I saw the heavy crimson flag fall slowly from above the city gate. At the moment that it touched the walls the boats that lay upon the waters sank, and the barriers fell before us. The last remnant of the whole city melted in the vanishing mist, and there lay nothing now on all the flat and barren country to tell that human beings had ever inhabited it; nothing of

this ghastly mystery remained to show that such a city had ever existed.

Quickly I plied my sculls, breathing with freedom once again. And now no hot, heavy mist enshrouded me. The sun shone clearly, the birds sang, and myriads of bright and busy insects fluttered about me as I rowed.

I have never been able to glean any particulars of this city, though I have made ceaseless inquiries. Its history seems to be forgotten—as is the history of so many of our antiquities. I have told you all I know of it, and all that I shall ever know.

You may guess that I never again traveled by that westward creek, though by doing so on that one journey I had realized such enormous profits by being first in the market with my silk that certainly, if *any thing* could have tempted me to try that route again, I should have tried it.

This was the story, as my old comprador told it to me.

LAZY LOVE.

WE were all sitting together, a little group of us, at one end of the long parlor of the Mountain View House. It was an exquisite morning. There had been a shower the night before, and now the air was as clear as—well, as only mountain air can be, with a separate sparkle, as it seemed, for every drop in the great blue flood of light to match the glitter of the wet green under-world. From my seat opposite the window I could see the milky clusters of the white acacias, now in their fullest bloom; just over them two or three fluffy clouds, curiously distinct in their woolly whiteness from the airy background; and, beyond, the limit line of peaks crowding each other away into a distance more and more violet and hazy, till at last the eye followed by faith and not by sight through a dim purple region where solid earth ended and nothing was.

Mr. Upham, our principal talker, was silent for the moment, and the rest were silent too, till, as something flashed through the light, Mrs. Waterhouse, still mindful of last night's tremendous thunder cannonade, gave a little scream.

"Oh, was that lightning?" she said.

"Only 'the lightning of a dove's wing,'" said Emily Brace, who I believe would have made herself miserable if she had not had a quotation apposite to every situation of life.

"And the only lightning we shall get to-day," supplemented Mr. Upham. "My dear Mrs. Waterhouse, don't you observe those are not thunder-clouds? I shall have to teach you the difference between the cumuli and the—"

"Don't!" said Charley Somers, opening his lips for the first time.

"Don't what?" repeated Mr. Upham, turning toward him with a surprised look.

"Don't call the clouds names. I have been enjoying them as clouds, but if I must take the trouble to think of them like that, I would sooner give it up altogether."

"Charley," said Mr. Upham, half vexed, yet smiling in spite of himself, "I wonder you are not ashamed to be so lazy: that is what you are, in plain English, hopelessly lazy."

"Of course I am," answered Charley, in a well-satisfied tone, "hopelessly and delightfully lazy."

Miss Vanderlyn, coming into the room through one of the low windows, was just in time to hear the closing words. "Who is it so delightfully lazy?" she asked, as she in a manner melted into a seat in the opposite corner.

Mr. Upham looked as if he would have liked to make rather a personal reply—for her own reputation for activity did not stand high in the house—but he only answered,

"Well, I suppose Mr. Somers is the laziest man in America since Arthur Varrance went away to dream about painting pictures in Rome."

"Then," said Miss Vanderlyn, in her low, uninflected voice, which Mr. Upham used to declare as drowsy to hear as the hum of bees on a hot day, "Mr. Somers will have the kindness to give me the benefit of his laziness. I like lazy people;" and she waved her fan with a kind of queen-regnant gesture toward the other side of the causeuse she had taken. Charley looked at her for a moment from under his half-closed lids without stirring from his remarkably comfortable position, and I almost thought he was not going to stir; but I suppose the instinct of a gentleman prevailed, for he got up and slowly conveyed himself across the room to the seat indicated, and, once there, became a fixture, by the attraction of gravitation probably.

At least I never dreamed at the time of there being any other attraction in the case, but it appeared there must be something more as the days went on and found Charley Somers continually beside Miss Vanderlyn. Sometimes they talked; oftener, so far as I could see, did not speak a word; but they seemed to find a pleasure in each other's silent companionship which was fairly a puzzle to me.

It was a very provoking puzzle to several among us, for Miss Vanderlyn, in spite of her queernesses, was a good deal admired. She was a handsome and particularly striking girl, tall and fully though not largely formed, with a thick, colorless complexion, and very dark hair, and eyes with the longest lashes I ever saw. She had a peculiar way of moving and of placing herself, which those who did not like her laughed at as "attitudinizing." But I think it was a wholly natural peculiarity, though with a more trained air than one is apt to look for in unstudied grace.

I might not have known any more than the rest about Henrietta Vanderlyn, and it was by the merest chance that I came to do so. It happened in this way:

We were both sitting, though not together, in a corner of the veranda running around the house, neither of us doing any thing. Mr. Upham had just gone away, and I was rising to pick up the book from which he had been reading aloud, when I heard my own name pronounced by some one on the piazza above. I could not see the speakers, but I recognized the voices at once.

"Why, there goes Mr. Upham, I declare! I thought he was poetizing down there with Miss Wells," remarked Number One.

"Poor old Miss Wells! Is she getting up a flirtation, I wonder?" said Number Two, in a yawning voice.

"The idea!" responded Number One, apparently highly diverted. "Don't you know she has vowed to wear the willow forever for a faithless swain who jilted her on the wedding-day?"

"How very absurd!" languidly. Then, with increased animation, "Julia, I have thought it over and over, and I do not believe blonde would be the proper trimming," etc., etc.

I can not tell whether they did not think I could hear or whether they did not care. At all events, I did hear with perfect distinctness. And so did Miss Vanderlyn. She rose suddenly, and coming to me, where I was leaning against a pillar, put one arm about me, and bending down—for she was taller than I—kissed my cheek.

"Don't mind them," said she, with a vibration of scorn in her deep, low voice. "What can dolls know of a heart!"

"I do not mind them," I answered, touched to a confidence foreign to my reserve. "The wound is too old now to bleed so easily."

She did not say any more, but kissed me again, still with her arm about me in a protecting sort of way. From that hour we were friends, and I began to learn better a nature which had from the first been rather a curious study to me. How I learned I could not exactly say. Certainly not through any voluntary revelations of her own, for she talked little of any thing, and never of herself. It was a word here and there, a look, a gesture, that supplied some part of the puzzle I was trying to put together in my mind.

One of the greatest perplexities of my puzzle was what place to give Charley Somers in it. That she liked him was plain; but then so did every body, with a superior allowance-making sort of liking that might have been rather mortifying to a man with any pride. I suppose he had none, for he accepted it with perfect contentment, and returned it with equal amiability. That the common verdict, while granting him plenty of intellect, denied him any force of character, did not appear to disturb him in the least, little as he was allowed to lose sight of it.

But somehow this kind of half-and-half feeling did not seem to me in Miss Vanderlyn's way, who had so few superficial likings; and still, if they were lovers, never surely did any lovers yet so little affront the cynical public eye with the spectacle of their infatuation! Beyond the single fact of their being a good deal together there was absolutely nothing to build on—not the least sign of love-making. Charley was not a whit more earnest, nor she a shade less indifferent. So, bewildered by such unnatural doves, that would not bill and coo, my mind swung back and forth like a pendulum, till one day a little chance occurrence settled it.

Apropos of what I forget now, but Charley made some casual mention of the hard work awaiting him when he went back to town. As he had never been known to allude to any remotest prospect of exertion for himself, I was not surprised at the incredulous stare with which Mr. Upham regarded him.

"You work hard!" said he, sarcastically. "Abandon that pleasing delusion, my poor Charley; your constitution would never stand the wear and tear, you know!"

"Miss Brace," said Charley, languidly turning his eyes toward the "Pocket Volume of elegant Extracts," as Mr. Upham had wickedly dubbed that too stout sentimentalist, "pray come to my help. It is something about physic."

"'Take physic, Pomp?'" said Emily, doubtfully.

"Try again," suggested Charley, gravely, though with a suspicious twinkle in his eyes.

Miss Brace's fallen countenance brightened suddenly: "'The labor we delight in physics pain,'" she declaimed, in a tone of triumph.

"Precisely. I knew you would not fail me, Miss Brace. And there you have your answer, Horace."

"Well," said Mr. Upham, dubiously, "if there is any kind of labor you delight in, you are singularly changed, that is all I can say."

"It is a physiological fact, I believe, that we do change," returned Charley, with admirable simplicity.

"I was aware of it, thank you, but not that it was quite so rapid an operation. However, as for this change, I am too much delighted to be hypercritical about it. You know, Charley, I have always told you you lacked only the will to place yourself on a level with—"

"The honorable gentleman himself," placidly interpolated Charley, declining to follow this lead.

Mr. Upham joined in the laugh at his own expense, under cover of which I said to Miss Vanderlyn, where we sat a little removed from the rest, "That is your doing, I suppose?"

It was certainly no affair of mine, and if I had stopped to think, I should not have spoken. But she answered at once, without any disclaimer, "I suppose so."

"In spite of your preference for lazy people," I said, smiling.

"Yes," said she, gravely; "as a matter of taste I very much prefer indolence, but I am tired of the general chorus of what Mr. Somers *might* be: it is time to show what he *can* be."

She spoke with so much more emphasis than usual that I could not refrain from expressing some surprise at finding her thus regardful of "they say."

"Not for myself," was all she answered.

For him, then! That seemed to me so conclusive of the understanding between them that when Mr. Upham was afterward wondering to me over the change in Charley, I thought myself safe in enlightening him, though of course without repeating her words to me.

Mr. Upham, who had here been as blind as only very sharp-sighted people can sometimes be, was greatly surprised.

"Poor fellow!" was his first comment, for he was *not* one of Miss Vanderlyn's admirers. I could not help smiling at the genuine commiseration of his tone; but I reminded him that, as he had himself said, the effect was a good one, whatever the cause.

For my part, I was thoroughly pleased—pleased for both. It was with all the more regret, then, that only a few days later I perceived a coolness between them. Exactly what it was I never knew, for, spite of our mutual regard, I felt that Henrietta Vanderlyn was not one to be questioned where she did not choose, and as she offered me no confidence, I asked nothing. I only knew it had to do with a young West Indian, whose admiration for her was extremely evident. Charley had taken umbrage at something, and Henrietta, one of whose faults was a silent, obstinate pride, the strength of which was hardly to be suspected by those who did not know her well, would not condescend either to the reasoning or the coaxing he expected. She let him go his way, and quietly went her own, though every step was leading them farther apart. I grew very anxious at last, for I knew, alas! the life-long pain a "lovers' quarrel" might end in; and out of my own bitter experience I tried to make a warning for her.

"Henrietta, my dear," said I one morning when we were sitting together, as I saw the perfectly unmoved face she turned on Charley Somers, who had passed us by without a single unnecessary word of greeting, "do not think I wish to intrude on your confidence, but I am a good many years older than you, and I have had occasion to see what misery a single mistake can cause. Do you remember what those young girls said one day about my wearing the willow for a faithless lover?" I went on, forcing a smile. "I should like to tell you something of how that really was."

She had turned toward me now, and was looking at me with the same composed countenance. I told her then briefly of the history I had closed my lips on ever since that wretched time, the quarrel, the pride that would not bend on either side, the final rash act that had separated two lives that should have passed together, and blighted all the hopes of at least one of them. But though she looked at me kindly and spoke to me softly when I had finished, I saw that it was merely through sympathy for me, and that in her own service I had effected nothing.

She made no pretense of not understanding my implied reference to Charley Somers, and her brief reply was spoken with perfect openness.

"I will not endure to be doubted," she said. "I could trust fully through every thing, but I must be trusted so too."

She said no more about it, but I knew after that that any further words of mine would be wasted. An idea just flashed across me of speaking to Charley, but my horror of being "meddlesome," unless where I could clearly do more good than harm, made me dismiss it at once. As the days went by I gradually had ceased to have any hope, more especially as Henrietta was soon going away. She had told me so one afternoon when we were quite alone, most of the others having gone off on a picnic which neither of us had cared to join. We had been talking about this as we rested from our ramble, and after a pause I was beginning to speak of it again, when I saw that she was not attending to my words.

"What is it?" I said. "Are you star-gazing by broad daylight?" for her eyes were fixed wide open upon the sky.

"I was wondering what can make that red light over there. It is long before sunset; I think there must be a fire somewhere."

I had not remarked the appearance before, but I saw it plainly enough now. We both got up and climbed the bank, for the meadow lay too low for any view beyond. From the top, however, we clearly perceived a fire, and from the direction concluded it to be probably the old Matherson mill.

Almost every body, I think, likes to see a fire. We did, at any rate, and we lost no time in hurrying to this one. We found plenty more looking on, but nobody was doing much. Something had, of course, been tried at first, but the village apparatus was sadly defective, and the mill-owner being by an unlucky chance absent, and the old mill well known for rather a worthless pile of lumber, no one had persisted very energetically when it became evident that the fire had made too great headway. So we stood there looking on, not much more idly than the rest, and though, of course, sorry for the owner's loss, able to enjoy the magnificent spectacle without any of those anxieties about life and home that one naturally feels in watching a dwelling-house burn. I was just making some such remark to Henrietta, when "Silly Billy," as he was familiarly called, a half-witted lad of the neighborhood, twisted himself into our group and said, in a foolishly important voice, pointing toward the flames,

"The man with the hat's up there, scratching on some papers! Billy watched him—Billy knows," chuckling feebly.

"The man with the hat," I knew, meant Charley Somers, whose odd-looking lounging hat, fantastically cocked with ribbon, had greatly excited Billy's curiosity when he had occasionally come about the hotel. Why the poor creature had only now mentioned this it was useless to wonder. Still chuckling and pointing, he repeated, "Billy knows about the barrels of black sand—all ablaze! a big Fourth o' July. Hooray!" curveting up and down.

This passed in less time than it takes to tell of it. The by-standers, who knew that Mr. Matherson had a store of gunpowder, and did not know but that some of it might have been placed here, all started back as by a single impulse on hearing this—all except Henrietta Vanderlyn, who turned and looked at them with eyes that seemed to have caught fire from the flames before her. "Cowards!" she said, as she rushed into the burning building.

I sprang after her instinctively to snatch her back, but it was too late—too late for both: behind us a half-consumed rafter fell across the threshold, and a thick, lurid smoke curtain, sweeping round, shut us off from the green open world and the free life, so near and yet so horribly far away!

I seemed to be thinking and moving in a nightmare as I followed on Henrietta's swift footsteps. The mill was a long, rambling building, and while the right side as we entered was one mass of smoke and flame, the other still permitted passage. I do not know what instinct guided her, but without an instant's hesitation she ran up the rickety stairs, I following, unheard for the noise of the flames, and perhaps for her own intense preoccupation. Reaching the top, I saw before me a wide empty chamber, lighted at one end by a long opening, with the sparkle of water beyond, and near this was stretched poor Charley, under a heavy beam. Thus fastened down, without possibility of escape, yet with his full senses about him, he lay waiting, his eyes wide open, looking straight toward the fiery death that was coming to him. Those calm eyes turned on Henrietta as she appeared with a look I shall never forget. I know he was thinking of her, perhaps seeing her in fancy; for in that inexpressible tenderness there was no surprise, but rather the rapt faith with which the dying sometimes look on the heavenly visions about their bedside.

Bending down to him she kissed him passionately, quickly, over and over again, while both, holding each other's hands, looking in each other's eyes, murmured words which I could not hear, and had no need to hear, for the mere accent told enough. I think in that moment they were forgetful of pain and death, of the great world shut out and the narrowing fire-world within—of every thing but each other.

She was the first to recollect herself. She glanced round at the open space beside her, and her face changed. Springing up, she began trying to move the heavy weight that was holding him down. I ran to her help then, and we succeeded at last together in raising it.

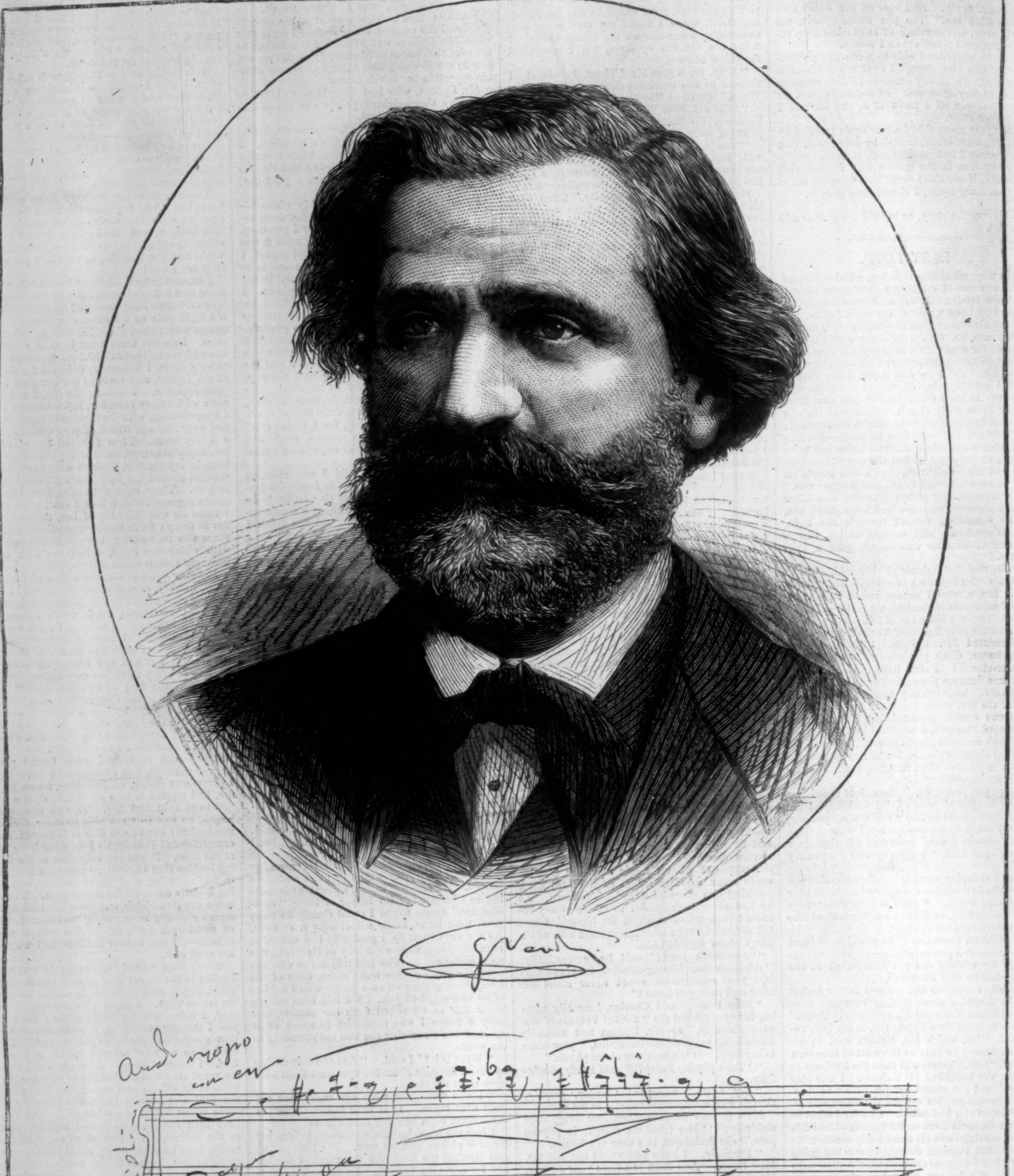
It was one of several great beams placed against the wall, but so insecurely that Charley's sudden spring, on becoming aware of the fire, had toppled it over on him in such a position as to hold him fast. Though liberated at length, he was still not able to move, for a leg was broken; but he was able to *be* moved, and I comprehended Henrietta's idea from her glance at the door. It was the only door in the building besides that blocked up below; a long-window-like opening, reaching to the floor, and looking directly down on the mill-stream. The distance was formidable, and there was nothing like secure standing-room among the rotten remains of wood-work underneath; but still it was a chance—the one chance for life—and we made the most of it.

There were ropes lying among the rest of the lumber in the room; and picking out the strongest-looking, after testing it as well as we could, we set to work. But we were interrupted in a way, I fancy, unexpected by either; for I confess I thought the villagers, under the shock of that gunpowder panic, would be terrified into leaving us to what seemed indeed a hopeless fate. I wronged them. After the first instinctive recoil they had no thought of abandoning us without an effort; and seeing that that part of the mill was utterly impracticable, they had come round to try the other side. All that I have been relating had passed rapidly. Long as the moments had seemed to us, it could in reality have been but a very short time from our entrance into the mill to our hearing the shouting of the people below. We rushed to the door and screamed in return. A boat was launched hastily—strong men climbed up to us—we were saved! Just in time, for the smoke was blackening and the flames crackling over the walls behind us.

But the barrels of gunpowder? the dreaded explosion? There was none, for the best of reasons—that no gunpowder was stored in the mill. Some talk of it there had been, which "Silly Billy" had overheard, and, as I suspected when listening to his exultations, the notion of a grand Fourth of July bonfire had so tickled his poor feeble brain that he had himself set the mill on fire.

The amusement had pretty nearly cost us dear enough. From that time forth I know I completely lost my admiration for the spectacle of a fire; even the tar barrels and torches of Independence-day made me turn my head with a most unpatriotic shudder. Charley Somers and Miss Vanderlyn took it, so far as could be seen, very coolly. I dare say they ought to have been different; I only know they were not: in spite of the more than opportunity afforded by all the fuss naturally made over them, they absolutely declined to take up heroic positions, to be in any way gushing, or to appear any thing but their own cool, indifferent-seeming selves.

Nevertheless *I* knew what I had seen and heard, and I was not to be deceived by them any more.



SIGNOR GIUSEPPE VERDI.

GIUSEPPE VERDI.

THIS celebrated musical composer, who is the son of an innkeeper, was born on October 9, 1814, at Rancola, in the Duchy of Parma. He early showed his musical genius, though it was repressed by his family. Before he was fifteen he played on the organ of a neighboring church, and at home on an old and almost soundless spinet. He received his first lessons from an organist of Milan, yet, strange to say, was sent back from the Conservatoire of that city with a certificate of incapacity. After this he pursued his studies in a second-rate institute at Busseto, where he made great progress. The town is naturally proud of him, and on solemn occasions the local band performs a wonderfully effective piece, composed by VERDI when only eleven. In 1839 he composed his earliest work of importance, a musical drama entitled *Oberto di San Bonifazio*. This was followed by the *Lombardi*, which laid the foundation of his fame. It will suffice here merely to record the names of some of his succeeding works, such as *Nabucodonosor*, *Ernani*, *Attila*, *Macbeth*, *Masnadieri*, *Luisa Miller*, *Rigoletto*, *Trovatore*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and *Don Carlos*. His more recent pieces are *Giovanna d' Arco*, *La Forza del Destino* (from which the autographic specimen under the portrait is taken), and *Aïda*, performed last year at the Scala, Milan. This opera was written expressly for the Viceroy of Egypt, and was first represented at Cairo. Public opinion has differed so widely as to its merits that it is difficult to form an estimate of its real worth. By his countrymen it has not been received so enthusiastically as his former works. Signor VERDI was elected a member of the Italian Parliament in 1861, and in 1871 went officially to Milan to reorganize the Italian Musical Institute. He has received numerous honors and decorations, both Italian and foreign, and has no reason to complain of a lack of appreciation by his contemporaries, or of the caprices of fortune.

Signor VERDI now lives in the Villa di Sant' Agata, two miles from Busseto. His house is characteristic, as befits an artist. The door, which is almost hidden by two weeping-willows, is approached by an ancient bridge, there being no other means of access. Behind the house is a small but well-cultivated garden, with an artificial lake at the further end. Beyond this extends the signor's property, carefully tilled with all the most recent agricultural improvements from England and France, and provided with good substantial dwellings for his tenants. Every thing shows the orderly and tranquil nature of the man, and the same harmonious blending of art and comfort is visible in the architecture and furniture of his house. Signor VERDI rarely composes except in his bed-chamber, a spacious, lofty room, the windows of which look on to the garden. It contains a magnificent piano-forte, a small library, and a large writing-desk of eccentric form, on which are displayed a variety of statuettes and other fanciful works of art. Above the piano-forte hangs an oil-painting of

TRIAL OF A BAND OF ITALIAN BRIGANDS AT AQUILA.

Signor BAREZZI, a most intimate friend of the composer's.

In person Signor VERDI is tall and vigorous, and of a strong constitution. He possesses a firm and resolute mind, yet is readily impressed by strong argument. So far from being spoiled by success, those who visit him find him to be a most affable, courteous, unpretending man. He rises at five, and after a walk and talk with his tenants retires to his room, and devotes the remainder of the day successively to music, poetry, history, and philosophy.

Since 1842 VERDI has composed twenty-nine operas, and, like Sir WALTER SCOTT, may fitly claim the merit of having "amused hours of relaxation and relieved those of languor, pain, or distress."

ITALIAN BRIGANDS ON TRIAL.

THE original of this characteristic picture was furnished by Mrs. AUGUSTA BORGHESI, an English lady, married to the colonel of the Thirty-fifth (Italian) regiment. Being recently stationed at Aquila, the capital of the Abruzzi, she was present at the trial of a famous band of banditti, which she thus describes: "On entering the court we were provided with seats on the dais where the judges sat, and found ourselves opposite a sort of iron cage guarded on either side by carabineers and soldiers. In this were seated the brigands in two rows, certainly offering a most frightful show of low foreheads and cruel brutal faces. Some of the prisoners had been in jail over three years, as the whole band has been got together one by one. The government had taken every pains, and gone to great expense in getting witnesses from all parts of the country, including also retired officers and police, who have hunted them down. The head of the band was a decently dressed man, who, under cover of being a respectable citizen, used to send out and tell his followers to look out for any rich or suitable person he knew or had found out would pass by certain roads. What most struck an English observer was the utter absence of public interest in the trial—the body of the court being no more crowded than if it had been the trial of an ordinary pickpocket." The Italian government is putting forth great efforts to break up these bands of marauders, and render travel more secure.

AMBER.

THE early jewelers and trinket-makers of the East tempted their customers with elegant ornaments, for the person, the dress, and the table, made of a substance unlike any other in use, presenting all shades of yellow, from nearly white to almost brown, for the most part transparent when polished, though occasionally opaque or clouded; inflammable, and exhaling a white pungent aromatic smoke when burning; slightly resinous in taste and smell when cold; found in nodules or lumps from the size of a pea to that of a child's head. The well-to-do Orientals purchased their necklaces, bracelets, amulets, pipe-stems, etc., without inquiring very minutely from what source the material had been derived. Those

who took interest in the matter were divided in opinion. Some supposed amber to be an animal substance resembling bees-wax, secreted by a peculiar kind of ant inhabiting pine forests. Some, thinking the vegetable kingdom to be a more probable source than the animal, regarded it as a gum which oozed out of pine-trees, and gradually solidified. A third party, looking to the mineral rather than to either of the other two kingdoms of nature, pronounced amber to be a fossil mineral of antediluvian origin. All, however, admitted that the theory, whichever was adopted, must be such as would explain the presence of insects, flies, bits of leaves, etc., in many of the specimens. Such extraneous matters must have entered when the amber was in a viscid if not fluid state, for the insects are, in numerous instances, preserved with all their delicate details uninjured.

Inquiry gradually led to a knowledge of the fact that amber is found in the sand and clay near sea-shores, as also exposed on the shore and near the mouths of a few large rivers. It has been found in Sicily, Poland, Saxony, Siberia, Greenland, and on the coast of Yorkshire, England. But the great store-house is the Baltic shore of East Prussia, in the neighborhood of Memel, Pillau, Königsberg, and Dantzic. The usual mode of searching for it is to explore the sea-coasts after storms, when the amber is found in rounded nodules near the shore. Another mode is to wade into the sea, and scrape the sea-bed with a ring-mouthed net attached to a pole. A more hazardous method is to go out in a boat, scrape the precipitous cliffs of the coast with hooked scrapers, and examine the fragments thus brought down; pieces of amber often reward the search. There are occasions, after a storm, when large quantities of lignite are found floating on the sea, containing amber entangled among it.

Amber has quite a fancy value. Large pieces will fetch a price bearing no sort of regulated relation to that obtained for smaller specimens. A piece one pound in weight is sought after by dealers as a treasure; and when it comes to ten pounds' weight (which is in rare instances the case), its price rises to thousands of dollars. The largest mass at present known weighs eighteen pounds; it was found in Lithuania, and is preserved in the Royal Museum at Berlin. Some connoisseurs prefer the specimens which present a beautiful transparency of colors; others look out for those in which insects are most perfectly preserved. It is all a matter of taste. Wise men tell us, however, that we must not always rely on the genuineness of particular specimens. Artificers whose ingenuity is in advance of their honesty take small pieces of amber, smooth the surfaces, moisten them with linseed-oil, and press them together over a charcoal fire. And the same folks know how to insinuate a tiny insect, or a fly's wing, for a possible purchaser who is known to have a penchant for pieces of amber thus adorned. The great museum of jewels and minerals at Dresden contains many such built-up specimens. The British Museum contains many curious pieces of amber inclosing insects of numerous species, while at the South Kensington Museum there are numerous works of art cunningly wrought out of this substance. We will believe that these consist of real amber, and not of the gum-copal which occasionally does duty as such. Veritable or factitious, the pieces of gum preserved in museums disclose plentiful bits of bees, wasps, gnats, spiders, and beetles, more or less perfect—suggesting the couplet,

"The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare;
The wonder's how on earth they entered there."

It is no longer a wonder. All now agree that this amber is an indurated resin which oozes from old pine and fir trees, and accumulates into nodules large or small as the case may be. The Baltic provinces are rich in the kind of trees which produce it—just as Canada is rich in the species which yield turpentine.

Amber requires to be handled with care in fabricating it into articles of ornament. In making necklaces, ear-rings, bracelets, snuff-boxes, mouth-pieces for pipes, etc, the nodules are split on a turning-lathe, smoothed into shape by whetstones, polished with chalk and water, then with vegetable oil, and completed by rubbing with flannel. Amber is one of the most electrical substances known; indeed, electricity derived its name from elektron, the Greek name for amber. The pieces become so hot and excited while being operated upon that the workmen find it necessary to give them intervals of rest, or they would fly into fragments. Nay, the workmen themselves are subject to tremors; they are, in fact, electrified without exactly knowing it. By cautious treatment the substance can be bent into various forms while warm.

RATTLESNAKES.

The rattlesnake is perhaps the most sluggish of all the serpent tribe, for even the puff-adder of the Cape, which has that reputation in general, is very active when enraged; but the rattlesnake, excepting just after and just before its winter sleep, never bites excepting in self-defense, and does not go out of its way to attack any one. Unless molested, there is very little to fear from this snake; but the misfortune is that you can not tell when you are going to molest it, as in coming down a bluff, or picking your way in a gully, you may, with the best intentions in the world, put your foot on a rattlesnake. And then the terrific swiftness of his dart! Not even the cobra, which I had always considered rivaled the very lightning in its movements—movements which I will defy any European eye to follow—is quicker than the rattlesnake in that one deadly act. Yet, to strike, it must be in a close coil, its head and neck being erect; it throws itself out about three-fourths of its length, supporting its weight entirely on the tail part. I have, however, known two persons who have trodden on rattlesnakes and have escaped; a third, as will be seen, was still more remarkably fortunate. One, a gentleman who has killed more than fifty of them, recognized what his foot touched without stopping to look, and jumped higher than he had probably ever done before in his life; the other was not so quick, and the reptile struck him three times with electric quickness, but his trowsers and long boots saved him. This disposes of a fallacy very generally held that venomous serpents will not bite twice in succession: there were the three pair of fang marks quite plainly to be seen on his white trowsers. One young man who was bathing in the river Platte had a more extraordinary escape still, for, on emerging from the water, he sat down, being, of course, completely naked, on a rattlesnake which was basking in the grass. Whether he sat upon the reptile's head, or whether the creature was too astonished by his sudden descent, can never be known, but certain it is that the affrighted bather leaped up with a shriek, and escaped unhurt.

It is told that this particular serpent has a very offensive odor when irritated, and that Dr. Hamilton Roe owed his life to a knowledge of that fact. The physician having opened a box directed to the superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, London, put his hand—most rashly, it seems to me—under the dry moss which appeared, to see what was there. He touched something alive, and the smell told him it was a rattlesnake. Had he withdrawn his hand rapidly, he would have been bitten to a certainty; but he had the presence of mind to stroke the reptile, which allowed him to take his hand gently away. This is a well-known story; I only refer to it to add that this odor is so powerful and permanent that when a snake is irritated, and made to bite the rake or hoe with which it is intended to kill him—and, as may be supposed, this is very often done—the implement will retain the same unpleasant smell for months. Once known, it is always recognizable.

As much can not be said of the sound of the rattle. I have been on the prairie when opinions have been divided as to whether a certain ominous clicking arose from the grasshoppers, which were there in great numbers, or a rattlesnake. It is not pleasant, at twilight, to have any doubt on this subject. The chief thing against the rattlesnake theory was that these reptiles seldom move or leave their holes after sundown. But I would warn the reader not to depend too much on this, as some snakes are certainly of irregular habits, and have been known to crawl into tents, and into beds within the tents. This was for the sake of warmth. Very often the reptiles will content themselves with coming inside; and so true is it that use doth breed a habit in a man that I have known men sleep quietly all through the night when they were perfectly aware that a rattlesnake was within the walls of their tent. They rolled themselves tight in the blanket, knowing that the creature would not touch any one if it were not first attacked, and that, when the light came, it would go away. In one instance a man was bitten at night. He was on the prairie, and sleeping near his horse, which was fastened by a long rope to a log or stone. The horse broke away, and the man feeling after the rope in the grass, disturbed a rattlesnake which bit him on the back of his hand. He was cured by a remedy which I think I have seen recommended elsewhere. A friend cut with a penknife the skin round the puncture, so as to enlarge the wound and make it bleed; then he put a small heap of gunpowder on the spot, ignited it—no pain attending this—and the man was cured. I would just add here that the stranger must not depend on always hearing the rattle when the snake moves; it is only violently shaken when the animal is alarmed, or is about to attack, and then the warning and the assault are too close together for the victim to escape.

The rattle has been too often described to need much to be said about it here; it is known to consist of a number of bones, looking like small knuckle-bones, securely fastened together, yet so loosely that they make a "clicking" noise when shaken. These grow on to the tail of the reptile; and the popular belief is that the first joint, which is always of a darker color than the others, takes two years to grow, while afterward the snake has an additional joint each year. Some observers contest this, and argue that the reptile forms its rattle much faster than at this rate. The wearing of this rattle in the hat or bonnet is said to be an infallible specific against the headache, and is frequently worn on that account.

THE ADVENTURES OF A HORSE.

A singular story of a horse which passed safely through the war and the Commune was related in a suit just decided before the Civil Tribunal of the Seine. He—or rather she, as it was a mare—was first called Bluette, and belonged to a dealer named Parcelier. She was of noble race, and had gained prizes at agricultural shows. When Paris was invested, and meat became scarce, she was requisitioned, and was destined for the slaughter-house. Fortunately, M. De Dyanne, an officer of the National Guard, remarked her, and saved her from that ignoble fate by taking her as a charger. She was then renamed Patrie, and carried her master in his service. During the confusion that reigned at the moment of the armistice she was stolen by her groom, but was recovered by her owner. The Commune then next arrived, and the requisitions and acts of violence recommenced. The master of Patrie was sought after as a hostage, and was obliged to quit Paris in haste, leaving her concealed in a room on the ground-floor of a house, with her feet tied up in cloths, so that the noise she made should not betray her hiding-place. M. De Dyanne had not, however, forgotten his faithful animal. His wife came into Paris, and, by means of a passport for a horse, obtained through the Turkish embassy, Patrie was saved for a third time. A year later, M. Parcelier, her first owner, came forward and claimed her as his property. The other refused to give her up, showing that he had purchased her for 1150 francs, when she was condemned in December, 1870, although the execution of the contract had been postponed to the end of the war, and was made conditional on the mare surviving; he besides proved to the court that but for him Patrie would long ago have ceased to exist, as he had saved her from the slaughter-man, thieves, and the Commune. The court now decided that she should remain the property of her benefactor on his paying the 1150 francs to M. Parcelier.

THREE TIMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET."

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST TIME.

"Positively the last night of Herr Rudolph Prusinowski and the performing lions! Positively the last night! For the benefit of Herr Rudolph Prusinowski. Under the distinguished patronage of their Majesties Queen Victoria, the Emperor of China, the Cham of Tartary, his Serene Highness the Grand Duke of Baden, Simeon Muddlebrain, Esq., M.P., the Mayor and Corporation of Spindlecum, and other august personages too numerous to mention. Come early. Positively the last time. Come and see the lions. Herr Rudolph Prusinowski, the favorite of crowned heads and the *élite* of Europe. Take notice! The great Prusinowski has had the honor of performing before the Mikado of Japan. The world-renowned Prusinowski has been decorated with the order of Rouge et Noir by the Grand Duchess of Selzerwasserburg. Don't miss the lions!"

The above sentences, and many others of the same character—in which a picturesque fancy, aided by the experience of a public career, trifled with the sobrieties of fact and tripped lightly across the border land of fiction—appeared in gigantic black letters upon a yellow poster on the side wall of the Queen's Theatre, Spindlecum, and in the streets and market-place, upon the quays, and in the back slums of the same town. Spindlecum was a large manufacturing town—a town that did a good deal of business in the export way, and had much commerce by land and sea, and Spindlecum could boast of two theatres: the Royal, an elegantly appointed edifice in a side street off the quay, with a stone portico surmounted by a bust of Shakspeare—a house about which elderly inhabitants of Spindlecum cherished traditions of Edmund Kean, and where Macready and Harley were remembered as stock actors, but a house which had never paid a manager within the memory of man; and the Queen's, a vast barn-like building, with a lofty roof supported by iron girders, three tiers of boxes, and Alpine heights in the way of galleries, which, contemplated from the broad valley of the pit, seemed inaccessible to the foot of man. The Queen's was making a fortune for its managers. There was a sixpenny pit and there was a threepenny gallery, whereby the house was never empty, and on Mondays and Saturdays overflowed with noisy human life. The audience at the Queen's was critical, but on the whole good-natured, requiring plenty of life and movement in the pieces, and what may be called showy action in the performers. The Queen's liked stars, and was tolerably universal in its appreciation of these luminaries: this week clamorous in their applause of some stalwart Othello or loud-voiced Hamlet, next week gaping entranced upon the contortions of a family of acrobats; now crowding to see Mr. Reginald Montmorency and his celebrated mare Black Bess in the grand spectacular drama of *Dick Turpin, or the Ride to York*, anon rushing to behold Signor Poloni and his striped Zebra of the Prairie.

A man with a pale, sallow face, blue chin, and close-cut hair sat in a lounging attitude upon a low wall opposite the stage-door of the Queen's, smoking a meditative pipe, and contemplating the big yellow poster with a dreamy fondness. He had a little group of satellites about him, also close-cropped, blue-chinned, and tobacco-consuming—minor lights in the dramatic heaven, the stock company of the Queen's—who were thrown a little into the background by the lions, shuffling through a preliminary melodrama nightly before an audience who beheld them with impatience, and heard them sometimes with derision, eager for the grand business of the evening.

"I think that ought to hit 'em up," said the Herr, thoughtfully (he spoke excellent English for a foreigner, but seemed scarcely to have acquired the language in the most aristocratic or æsthetic circles). "The Mikado looks well, doesn't he?"

"First-rate," replied Mr. De la Zouche, the walking gentleman. "Was he a nice kind of chap, the Mikado?"

Herr Prusinowski turned his contemplative eyes upon the inquirer with a look of placid scorn.

"You ain't so jolly green as to suppose I ever set eyes upon him," he said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "I was never in Japan in my life; never nearer than a japan candlestick. The Mikado is a safe card, he is: who's to ask any questions about *him?* And so's the Cham of Tartary; I always bring out them two for the last night. Queen Victoria's legitimate business. I did perform once before the royal servants, and got a fiver from the royal seckitary. That *is* immediate patronage."

"I expect you'll have a clipping house, cully," remarked Mr. Tiddikins, the low comedian, a small man with a falsetto voice.

"I look forward to it, Tiddikins; and if it goes over eighty, I'll stand a supper, mind that."

There was a subdued murmur of applause.

"Hot or cold?" inquired Mr. De la Zouche.

"Hot," replied the lion-tamer. "None of your cold fowls and 'am, your pastry and rubbish, for me. A sirloin of beef at top, and a prime goose at bottom, a veal pie and a stewed steak at the sides, and plenty of smoking hot vegetables; a prime old Stilton and a bowl of salad to wind up with, and as much Champagne as you can swallow, with brandy-and-water to settle it on your stomachs. That's what I'll do, at the Lion and Lamb, if the house goes over eighty when the half-price to the boxes is in."

This time the applause was louder.

"I alway said you were a jolly good fellow, Bill," said Mr. Tiddikins, "and I don't mind how often I say it again."

It is to be observed that Mr. Tiddikins addressed the distinguished Rudolph by the simpler cognomen Bill; one of the playful licenses of friendship, no doubt.

"It's wonderful how those animals draw," said Mr. De la Zouche, thoughtfully, as if he were contemplating the feasibility of setting up on his own account as a lion-tamer. "You've been here three seasons, Prusinowski, and, egad! the people ain't tired of 'em yet. They seem as eager as ever. One would suppose they liked to see a poor beggar hazard his life every night."

"There's something in that," replied the Herr. "If it wasn't for the danger, the wild-beast business would be as flat as ditch-water."

"Were you ever frightened?" asked the walking gentleman. "I know what a plucky fellow you are, and that you handle those three brutes as if they were so many tabby cats; but still sometimes, you know, a man's nerve must fail. Come, now, Prusinowski, were you never frightened?"

"Never but once," answered the lion-tamer, "and then I thought it was all over with me."

He grew suddenly grave, gloomy even, at the mere recollection waked by the walking gentleman's inquiry.

"Never but once," he repeated, "and God grant I never may be so again! When a man in my trade loses his head it's all up with him."

"How did it happen, old fellow?" asked Mr. Tiddikins.

Herr Prusinowski stopped to fill his pipe before answering the question. It was four o'clock upon a blazing July afternoon; rehearsal was over; her Majesty's servants of the Queen's Theatre, Spindlecum, had dined in the intervals of the day's work at their several lodgings, and had nothing particular to do with themselves until tea-time. An actor of this class has generally a rooted aversion to going home.

"Well, you see," the lion-tamer began, in a leisurely way, stopping to take a few preliminary whiffs after those three words of prelude, "I was at Manchester nigh upon five years ago, and it was my last night and my 'ben,' as it might be to-night." A pause and a few more puffs. "We was doing first-rate business, fizzing, and I don't think I was ever in such high spirits in my life. My pockets were stuffed with money that I'd been taking about the town for tickets, and I hadn't a place to let in my dress circle.

"'Why, Bill,' says my little woman, when I kept running in and out of our lodgings between whiles at rehearsal—we was close agen the slum—taking her in a handful of money every time, 'you seem as if you was bewitched. I don't like to see you like that. I had a Scotch friend once as said it was a bad sign—a sign of something going to happen.'

"'Lord love your little foolish heart,' I answered, 'it's a sign of nothing except that I'm going to have a screaming house to-night. I don't suppose there'll be a corner you can screw yourself into if you want to see me.' For she's a rare one for going in front of a night, you know, is the missus."

Mr. De la Zouche and Mr. Tiddikins murmured their acquaintance with this domestic fact. Herr Prusinowski smoked his pipe for a minute or so, and then went on:

"'Why, there's the family box!' she said.

"That's a large private box on the opposite prompt that don't often let, unless there's Italian Opera or Charles Mathews, or something out of the common.

"'No, there ain't,' I answered, laughing.

"'What!' cried the missus, 'is that let too?'

"'Let this morning,' said I, 'and there's the money—three pound three—thirty-one-and-six of which comes to us.'

"For I had a half share clear of expenses, same as here. Lizzie—that's my wife, you know—was quite proud to think I was going to have such a good box audience, for it isn't every box audience as will take to wild beasts. You may get schools, and pious people that object to the drama, but consider a man putting his head into a lion's mouth improving—there's quite a run upon lions in the Scriptures—but as a rule your boxes are shady. So my Liz was proud of my dress circle that night.

"'I wonder whether it's the mayor and his family,' she said, speculating about that big private box.

"'No,' I told her, 'it's a gentleman and a stranger; no name.'

"Well, the night came, a sweltering hot summer evening, such as it will be to-night. The performances began with one of your talkee-talkee genteel comedies, and the house was so full and noisy the actors couldn't hear themselves speak. They got through it somehow, there was a short overture, and then the curtain

went up for my performance. The three lions discovered in a forest, to slow music, which gets a round for *them*, and gives me my entrance and reception.

"You know the beasts; they were the same three I've got now—Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Old Brown's a harmless old chap enough, not a sound tooth in his head, and no more harm in him than in an elderly jackass; Jones is a deep old dodger, but there isn't *much* harm in him; but Robinson's a nasty-tempered beast, a brute you never can be sure of, an animal that will lick your hand one minute, and be ready to snap your head off the next.

"Well, I got a first-rate reception; I thought the gallery would have never left off applauding; and the sight of the house, crammed to the ceiling, made me almost giddy. Perhaps it was the heat of the place, which was like an oven; perhaps, as I'd been standing treat, or being stood for off and on pretty well all day, I may have taken a little more than was good for me; anyhow, I felt the house spinning round me, just as if I'd been some duffer of a novice, instead of the old stager I am.

"I looked at the family box O.P., curious to see who'd taken it. There was only one gentleman there, a man of fifty or thereabouts, with a cadaverous lantern-jawed face, and light reddish hair, very straight, combed neatly on each side of his forehead. He was dressed in black, regular evening dress, white choker and all complete, and, do you know, the instant I set eyes upon that man he gave me a turn."

"That was a queer fancy," said Mr. De la Zouche, helping himself to tobacco from the Herr's gutta-percha pouch, which lay open on the wall.

"Perhaps it was; but if that night was to come over again, I should have the fancy over again," replied Prusinowski. "It was partly his own looks, I think, partly the way he looked at me; not like the rest of the audience, all good nature, expecting to be amused, but with a steadfast, ravenous kind of look that made my blood run cold. 'That's a man who'd like to see something happen to me,' I said to myself.

"I didn't give way to the fancy all at once. I began the performance; but I stole a glance at my sandy-haired, pale-faced gentleman now and then, and always found him looking at me in the same way. He had large light gray eyes, very light and very prominent. I can see them now, and they followed every move I made, like a cat's following a mouse. He never moved his eyes from me, he never smiled, he never applauded; he sat in a half-crouching attitude, leaning over the front of the box, watching me, and he made me feel as if I had a ton weight tied to each of my legs. Every thing went well for some time, though I felt I'd never done things worse. Brown and Jones behaved beautifully; but toward the last, when I had to put my head into Robinson's mouth to bring down the curtain, I saw that the brute was in one of his nasty tempers. I suppose the heat had put him out—I know the perspiration was pouring down my face—or perhaps *he* didn't like the look of that cadaverous gentleman in the private box. Anyhow, he turned nasty, and when I wanted to collar him, bounced away from me.

"The house turned as still as death all in a moment, and I could see the audience was frightened. I gave a look at my gentleman in the box. He was leaning a little farther over the cushion, with something like a smile on his face. Such a smile! I could fancy any one going to see a man hung smiling like that.

"'Bray to not pe vrighened, laties and shentlemens,' I said, in my broken English (old Sauerkraut, the ophecleid at the Lane, taught me that dodge); 'id is nozing. Te peast vill to all I veesh;' and then I gave Robinson a pretty smart cuff, and began to drag his jaws open.

"The brute snarled, turned upon me, and in the next instant would have had his teeth in my shoulder if I hadn't given the signal for the curtain. Half a dozen carpenters rushed upon the stage and helped me to tackle him. We had him safe in less than a minute; but just at that one moment before the curtain dropped it was as near as a toucher.

"There was a good deal of applause; not that I'd done any thing to deserve it, for the business of putting my head in the brute's mouth was in the bill, and the audience had been swindled out of that; but they evidently knew I'd been in danger, and they called me before the curtain. I looked up at that white-faced devil in the private box. He was standing up, rubbing his hands in a satisfied kind of way, as if he had seen what he wanted to see; and as I passed just under him he said, in a slow, measured voice that gave me the shivers,

"'A narrow escape, Herr. Very well done indeed! I congratulate you.'

"I gave him a look, which he ought to have understood if he didn't, made my bow to the house, and went off the stage. Robinson was quiet enough by this time. My man, Joe Purdy, had walked him off to his box, and there he was growling over his shin-bones, as mild a lion as you'd wish to see. 'Only let me get you safe back to London, my friend,' says I, 'and I'll take you down to Jamrack's and swop you for something better tempered. Talent is all very well, but temper's worth all the talent in the world.' However, that's five years ago, and there's Robinson still performing with me. The brute has such a wonderful gift for his profession, and his heart and soul's in it, too. Take that animal in the middle of the day, when he ain't particular hungry, and he's a decent fellow enough; but come between him and his business, and you'll find out what a lion is. He's the vainest beast out, and cuts up rough if he don't get a round of applause for every trick he does. But, Lord bless you! there's no such thing as genius without vanity. He's been a fortune to me first and last, has that animal. Brown and Jones are nothing more than supers to him."

"You didn't see any more of your friend in the box?" inquired Mr. De la Zouche, who was not particularly interested in these praises of the gifted Robinson.

"Curse him, no! By the time I'd changed my clothes he had left the house. I went round to the box-office to see if the box-keepers could tell me any thing about him. No; he was a stranger. He had taken his box that morning, finding there was no stall to be had, and paid his three guineas without a question.

"Now I dare say you'll think me an out-and-out fool when I tell you I couldn't sleep that night, nor many nights after, for thinking of that man. I couldn't get his pale cheeks and lank jaws and light gray eyes, with that horrid gloating look in them, out of my mind. 'That's a fellow who'd go to see a man hung,' I said to myself. 'That's a man who'd stand by to see his fellow-creatures hung, drawn, and quartered, and enjoy it—especially the drawing.' I hadn't a doubt in my mind that he was on the look-out for an accident all the evening; I hadn't a doubt in my mind that it was through him I made a mess of it at the end."

"Did you never see him again?" asked the low comedian.

"Never; God forbid I ever should, for I've a notion that if I did it would be the death of me. I'm not a nervous man in a general way, nor superstitious either; but I'd give up the biggest haul I ever made by a benefit rather than act before that man."

"A queer notion," said the humorous Tiddikins.

"A very queer notion," echoed the gentlemanly De la Zouche.

He was not a fine actor, the walking gentleman, belonging rather to that class of performer who is contemptuously likened to a stick, and his dramatic path had been by no means strewn with roses; yet he was fain to congratulate himself that it had not been beset by lions. He had been somewhat inclined to envy Rudolph Prusinowski the distinction and prosperity of his career; but just now it occurred to him that there were two sides to the picture. He rubbed his shoulder thoughtfully, and was glad to think that he was exposed to the assaults of no fiercer animals than those rampant tragedians who snubbed him when he played Horatio, and made light of him in Cassio, but who melted a little on their benefit nights, and treated him to beer.

CHAPTER II.

THE SECOND TIME.

The Spindlecum people showed their appreciation of the British drama as represented by lion-taming by giving Herr Prusinowski a bumper. Whether it was the influence of the Cham of Tartary or the Mikado, the Grand Duchess of Selzerwasserburg or the local member, or the simple merits of the performance, is a moot question; but the Spindlecumians assembled in full force; and before the Herr had left the family tea-table to repair to the theatre he received the pleasing intelligence that the crowd at the pit and gallery doors was half-way across the street.

"If we only go on like this for another year or so, Liz, I'll cut the profession," exclaimed Herr Prusinowski, cheerily, "and start a theatrical public, somewhere on the Surrey side. It's a trying life is the wild-beast business."

"And a dangerous life too, William," said the little woman, with a sigh.

(The renowned Rudolph's name in private life was William.)

"Not much of that, old girl. I'm more than a match for Robinson by this time. There isn't a move he's up to that I'm not down upon; and he's the cunningest beast that ever picked a bone. You're going to the front to-night, eh, Liz?"

"Oh yes, I shall get a seat at the back of the boxes. Mrs. Prodger's going with me. She's took her ticket, and paid for it, you know, William, like a lady."

Mrs. Prodger was the Prusinowskis' landlady, a ponderous matron of fifty, who had let lodgings to "theatricals" for the last twenty years.

"Ta-ta, Liz, then; I'm off."

"It's early, William. There's *The Miller and his Men*—that 'll last an hour and a half, surely."

"I don't believe it 'll play an hour. You ought to know what my benefit audiences are—all agog for the lions. I want to have a look at the beasts before we begin, and I'm always a little nervous on my ben. Good-by."

This was a mere conjugal excuse. The theatre to a man bred at the side scenes is his club. The Herr preferred smoking his pipe in the free-and-easy atmosphere of the dressing-room at the Queen's to the tamer delights of the domestic tea-table. He had very little anxiety about his beasts. Joe Purdy, his factotum, a keeper who had served his apprenticeship with the great Wombwell, had the custody of them.

The house was an excellent one. The boxes were not so well filled as on that memorable night at Manchester which Herr Prusinowski had described to his friends; but the pit was a seething caldron of humanity, the gallery looked like a wall of eager faces piled one upon the other up to the iron roof. *The Miller and his Men* was performed almost in dumb show, or seemed so to be, though the leading tragedian retained on the establishment was roaring himself hoarse in the character of Grindoff, with a faint hope of snatching a stray leaf from the crown of wild olive which would be cast at the feet of the lion-tamer by-and-by.

Grindoff did not bate a syllable of his part or the minutest detail of his stage business; not a stamp of his russet boot, or a scowl of his heavily corked eyebrows; but the rest of the company, less enthusiastic, scamped their work to the best of their abilities, and the drama was raced through in one hour ten minutes and seven seconds by the prompter's chronograph.

Then came a stirring overture—*The Bronze Horse*—during which the audience cracked nuts and became momentarily more excited; and then the act-drop rose to slow music of a soul-appalling character, and revealed Brown, Jones, and Robinson picturesquely grouped in the stock primeval forest.

There was a pause. The house applauded vociferously. There was something stirring in the notion that these three unfettered beasts might leap into the pit at any moment. It was quite a pleasant sensation—especially for the gallery. Brown, who was elderly and decrepit, yawned and stretched himself out as if for slumber, with the air of having been untimely disturbed from his after-dinner nap. Jones, who was of a lively temperament, whisked his tail, and snapped at an imaginary fly. Robinson stared full at the audience, as if he really did understand and appreciate their plaudits.

The music quickened, broke into a stirring march, and then, at a fortissimo chord from the full orchestra, the lion-tamer bounded on to the stage—a striking figure, broad-shouldered and muscular, in close-fitting flesh-colored raiment, a scarlet girdle round his waist, and a leopard's skin over his shoulder.

There was a good strong Sheffield knife in his belt, but he had no appearance of being armed.

His reception was tremendous. He stood bowing and moving his lips in vague murmurs, with an air of being quite overcome by his feelings, for nearly five minutes before he could begin his performance. His eyes wandered all round the house with the gaze of calculation, till they grew suddenly fixed, glaring at the stalls.

Now the stalls at the Queen's Theatre, Spindlecum, were a delusion and a snare. Spindlecum at its best was not an aristocratic town, and the Queen's was not the aristocratic theatre of Spindlecum. Except on a mayor's bespeak, or under Masonic patronage, the stalls were rarely tenanted. But there they were, two long rows of partitioned seats, covered with dusty red cloth.

To-night there were three people in all the length and breadth of them—two faded-looking elderly women, in opera-cloaks, at one end, and in the middle, in a position that commanded every inch of the stage, a middle-aged man, with a cadaverous face, prominent light gray eyes, and lank reddish hair, carefully dressed in full evening costume.

He sat in an attitude of extreme attention, with his arms folded on the back of the seat in front of him—he was in the back row—and his eyes fixed upon the lion-tamer. For the moment the sight of him seemed to turn Rudolph Prusinowski to stone. It was the man he had been talking of that day.

The cold sweat broke out upon his forehead; but he stamped his foot savagely, angry with himself for this folly, muttered an oath, and began his business with the lions—standing upon their backs, riding round the stage upon all three at once, leading them through a kind of dance movement, described in the bills as a set of quadrilles, with garlands of paper roses, and otherwise disporting himself with them, the red-haired man in the stalls watching his every movement and every movement of the animals breathlessly, and never stirring by a hair-breadth from his attentive attitude, or turning his eyes away from the stage.

Then came the feature of the evening—a single combat between Herr Prusinoswki and Robinson—who was described in the bills, by-the-way, as "Moloch, the royal brindled lion, presented to Herr Prusinowski by one of the native princes of the Punjaub"—at the end of which the Herr dragged asunder the animal's jaws, and put his head into the red-hot-looking mouth.

To-night, in spite of that deadly terror which had come upon the Herr at the sight of that one detested spectator, every thing went smoothly enough. Robinson, otherwise Moloch, kept his temper, suffered his jaws to be opened to their widest extent, and the tamer's head to repose upon his tongue as on a pillow for half a dozen seconds or so, and the curtain came down to vociferous applause; but when the *bénéficiaire* was called for there was no response. The prompter found him leaning against one of the wings, white to the lips.

"Did you ever see a man tremble?" he asked, in a voice that shook so much as to be scarcely intelligible. "If you want to see one, look at me."

He was shaking in every limb, like a man stricken with ague.

"Why, what's the matter, cully,'" asked the prompter, with more friendliness of tone than elegance of diction. "They're calling for you like mad. You'd better go on."

"I'm going as soon as I can steady myself. I never neglect my business; but I've had a turn. I never thought I should come off the stage alive to-night."

"Why, the animals were quiet enough."

"Yes, as mild as lambs; but there's a man in front that's my evil genius. I never felt superstitious about any thing else before—none of your ghosts or that kind of rot—but I've got my fancy about that man. He'd like to see me killed, and—he'll contrive to see it."

"Prusinowski," said the prompter, "I couldn't have believed it of you. I thought you was a man of sense."

But the prompter felt uncomfortable, nevertheless. The human mind is especially open to uncomfortable sensations of this kind.

"Come, my boy," he exclaimed, "they're losing temper." This in allusion to the audience, who were clamoring hoarsely for their favorite. "You'd better go on."

Prusinowski wiped his damp forehead, pulled himself together, as it were.

"All right," he said, and followed the prompter to the first entrance, and went through the narrow opening which that functionary made for him by pulling the heavy drop-scene a little on one side. He went on, made his accustomed mechanical bow, and crossed the stage to disappear with renewed bowings on the opposite side. He was looking at the stalls all the time. The man was gone.

"Curse him!" muttered the lion-tamer. "If he'd given me time to change my clothes, I'd have been in front of the house in time to see him come out. I want to know who he is; I want to know what he means."

He dressed hurriedly, tearing off his close-fitting garb, and shuffling on the costume of every-day life anyhow, and then went back to the prompt entrance before the curtain had risen for the farce, and took another survey of the stalls, thinking it just possible that his evil genius had returned. But the man's place was empty. There were only the two dreary women, waiting meekly for one of the stalest, inanest farces known to dramatic literature, and fanning themselves with their pocket-handkerchiefs.

Herr Prusinowski went round to the public doors of the theatre, and hung about there with a vague idea that the man might be lingering also. There was a large tavern just opposite the Queen's, where the audience were wont to refresh themselves—even the stalls and boxes—with brandy and soda. The Herr crossed the road by-and-by, went into the crowded bar, still looking for his man, and looking vainly.

While he was staring about him a friendly hand tapped him on the shoulder.

"It was well over eighty, my boy," said the voice of De la Zouche, upon whose youthful cheek still lingered some traces of the vermilion it had worn in *The Miller and his Men*, and whose upper lip was still stiff with the glue that had secured his horsehair mustache. "Nearer ninety, Tiddikins tells me, and he knows how to reckon up a house with any man in the profession. I wish you joy."

"Thank you, old fellow," replied the lion-tamer, vaguely. "Yes, I think it's a good house."

"Think? There's no room for thinking. The perspiration was running down their faces in the pit all through *The Miller*. The house was like a furnace; and uncommonly thirsty that kind of thing makes a man. The pongelow you sent in was very acceptable. I thought Fitz Raymond would never have taken his head out of the pewter. He's awful coally on his Grindoff—goes in a perisher, even when he can't hear himself speak for the noise in front. But I say, Prusi, how about the little supper you talked of?" This in an insinuating tone.

Prusinowski stared at him blankly for a moment, and then said, carelessly,

"The supper—oh, to be sure. I'd forgotten all about it." The noble countenance of De la Zouche fell, and his open brow was overshadowed by a sudden gloom. "But it's all right," continued the *bénéficiaire*. "It's ordered for twelve o'clock sharp. I ordered it on spec. I thought I should have a good house."

"Prusinowski, you are a gentleman!" exclaimed the actor. "You are one of nature's nobility, Sir; and daily contact with the brute creation has not degraded your lofty mind. At twelve sharp! I'll go home and put on a clean collar. I think you mentioned a goose?"

"Roast beef at the top, roast goose at the bottom," said the Herr, absently.

"It is a bird which, on the supper-table, I appreciate above any of the feathered tribe," replied the walking gentleman. "*Au reservoir.*"

He departed, wondering at the silence and gravity of a man who could draw an eighty-pound house.

Herr Prusinowski left the tavern and strolled listlessly along the street. It was not quite eleven. He had a clear hour before him, in which he could do what he pleased with himself. Under ordinary circumstances he might have gone home to have a few words with his "little woman," and make some amendment in his toilet; but to-night he hardly cared to face his wife. She would see that something was wrong, and question him. The impression that man's appearance had made upon him was a subject he did not want to talk about, not even with her. He turned out of the busy thoroughfare in which the Queen's Theatre was situated presently into a broad, quiet, old-fashioned-looking street leading down to the quay—a street of broad, square red brick houses of the Georgian era, grim and respectable, with a shop only here and there, and then a superior class of shop. It was a very quiet street at this time of night. The summer moon was shining full upon the broad pavement and empty road, and there was just a glimpse of moon-lit water at the end of the street where it opened on the quay.

There was only one shop open at this hour, a tobacconist's at a corner. Prusinowski felt in his coat pocket with a dim recollection of having allowed Mr. Fitz Raymond to empty his tobacco pouch that evening, and then strolled across the road toward the tobacconist's shop. While he was in the act of crossing a man came out of the shop and walked slowly away toward the quay. The lion-tamer recognized him at a glance and darted after him. It was the occupant of the stalls—a tall, angular figure in the moonlight, with more or less the air of a gentleman.

It was an unjustifiable thing to do, of course; but Rudolph Prusinowski did not stop to consider the etiquette of the situation. He was resolved to accost this man. He would have done the same wherever he had met him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, at the stranger's